

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXIX. No. 2200

London
August 25, 1943



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

Meet me in
FORTNUM'S
RESTAURANT

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

PALACECOURT
HOTEL

★ Bournemouth's most modern
Hotel. All Hotel Bedrooms
have private bathrooms en
suite. Dancing weekends
Telephone in every room ★

BOURNEMOUTH
Tel. BOURNEMOUTH 7100

HIGHLAND
QUEEN
Grand Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. Leith, Edinburgh
Distilleries — Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

LAGONDA



the finest of fast cars

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX

THE DOCTOR'S
CEYLON TEA

"The World's Best"

2 oz. of The Doctor's
Ceylon Tea goes
further than 2 oz. of
ordinary tea

3/4
PER LB.

For
sweet breath and
pearly teeth—
use

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

FROM ALL
CHEMISTS

Bulmer's

CHAMPAGNE CIDER



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS

Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI



'Quality Tells'

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH

Everything from the Cap down

In the course of making uniforms we have always to consider over 200 different regulations, covering the various Armies, Navies, Air Forces and Women's Services of Britain, of our Empire and of our Allies' fighting forces. Then there are underclothes and accessories which present their own problems, not so rigid, but sufficiently exacting. In our own modest way we have to do quite a lot of dead reckoning in order to keep our uniform service complete.



AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent 6789

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Price :

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXIX. No. 2200

LONDON

AUGUST 25, 1943

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Cecil Beaton

The Hon. Mrs. Alan Phipps: A New Portrait

The wife of Lieutenant Alan Phipps, R.N., was the Hon. Veronica Fraser before her marriage to Sir Eric Phipps's second son in 1940. She is the daughter of the late Lord Lovat and Laura Lady Lovat, of Aigas, Beaulieu, Inverness-shire, and her brother is Lt.-Colonel Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C., who commands the Lovat Scouts. She has a daughter of two called Susan Rose, and a son, John Francis, who was born last year.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Symbolic

OUT of very small beginnings the Quebec Conference between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt suddenly developed considerable significance. It was Mr. Churchill's own idea that there be such a meeting, and it was he who made all the plans almost overnight as it were. Nothing on the scale that occurred was anticipated when Mr. Churchill intimated to President Roosevelt that he would like to have another talk with him about the latest developments in the war. Indeed, there were some misgivings in Washington about the usefulness of such a conference. We must remember that home politics in the United States are now about to enter the fever stage. It was pointed out to Mr. Churchill that anyhow Washington was too hot in August for a conference. But the Prime Minister was insistent that it would be a good idea for the Chiefs of Staffs to get together again as they did at Casablanca, and for himself and President Roosevelt to survey the situation in the light of their deliberations. The conference became more or less imperative when Marshal Badoglio made his unilateral declaration that Rome should be regarded as an open city. Here was a political manoeuvre which it was essential for the Allied leaders to approach and probe in a practical manner as quickly as possible.

Bridgehead

I FOR one am glad that Québec was selected for these deliberations of the Allied leaders. Not only has Québec historical associations with France as well as military connections which must appeal to Mr. Churchill, but it is an important part of Canada. More than once I have argued that Canada has won a vital place in the Allied war effort as well as the position she has always held in the Empire. Mr. Churchill, in deciding on Québec with the concurrence of Mr. Mackenzie King, may have felt that this recognition was due. Whether

he did or not, none can doubt that Canada is a first-class bridgehead for establishing and maintaining firm foundations of friendship and understanding between all the members of the British Empire and the United States.

We in this country have not paid enough attention to the potential power and influence which lie in Canada. By her own efforts Canada has grown and developed in a remarkable degree under the conservative and liberal administrations of Lord Bennett and Mr. Mackenzie King respectively. Canada has a great future, and by the war incentive we have seen that she has some fine young men

Rumours

THERE has been a lot of talk in the various capitals about the possibility of a separate peace being negotiated between Russia and Germany. The rumours which have been carefully circulated by sinister whispers, not necessarily German in origin, have been taken more seriously in Washington than in London. But it is inconceivable that Russia could contemplate such an action at this time. Hitler's power is declining, Germany's military machine has been badly mauled, the Russian military machine has shown genius as well as power, Italy is trying to limp out of the war, and all the combined strength of Britain and the United States is now poised to inflict the mortal blow. Of course, the Russians, who are always called realists, may have their doubts about Britain and the United States. I don't know why they should have, for the tally of material aid sent to Russia and the toll of good men who have been lost as a result, are examples of conscientious fulfilment of sacred undertakings. They are sacred undertakings as far as Mr. Churchill is concerned. He does not waver in his loyalty to Russia.



The King Visits the Home Fleet

The King said he was "greatly impressed" by the battle practice in the North Sea carried out during His Majesty's four-day visit to the Home Fleet. On board the flagship, accompanied by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, K.C.B., O.B.E., C.-in-C. the Home Fleet, the King shook hands with Rear-Admiral Glennie, Rear-Admiral Hamilton, C.B., D.S.O., and Rear-Admiral Burnett, C.B., O.B.E., D.S.O.

who are going to have great political responsibilities thrust upon them, which we know they will be able to carry, surely, steadily, and successfully. Having seen them in action, this is the proud measure we make of them.

Optimism

INDICATIVE of the way the war is running is the limelight which is allowed to shine on Québec and on the personalities gathered there. There has been less secrecy about this assembly than has been the case at any of the other meetings between the Prime Minister and the President. Knowing how cautious Mr. Churchill has been in the past about essential matters of security, we must assume that he has consented out of his wisdom to the dramatisation of this event. Obviously, Mr. Churchill has been interpreted over-optimistically and one report which found its way into print brought a denial.

Plotters

THE popular belief, which is not without some real foundation in fact, is that Himmler is the moving spirit in Germany for peace-at-any-price with Russia. As guardian of Nazi Party security—some call it the *soul* of Nazism—Himmler must know the reactions of the German man-in-the-street to Hitler's orgy of blood-letting in Russia. Without peace with Russia Himmler clearly sees the writing on the wall, and is not prepared to accept the mystic hopes of Hitler that all will come out well in the end. But Field Marshal Goering apparently does not like the Himmler plan. He thinks that there should be just a little consistency about Nazi power politics. In any case Goering hates the Russians, and a story is sedulously spread that he would prefer to open the gates of Germany to any small force of Allied invaders rather than make a deal with Marshal Stalin. Whatever truth there may be in all these rumours, it is obvious that



Returned from Sicily

Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, K.C.B., M.V.O., who was in charge of landing operations in Sicily, recently returned to Britain. With him here is Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Hill, K.B.E.



Lady Moore Meets the East African Pioneer Corps

Lady Moore, wife of Sir Henry Moore, Governor of Kenya, has been touring Egypt as the guest of Lord Moyne, Deputy Minister of State, Middle East. She visited welfare centres and inspected troops of the East African Pioneer Corps, many thousands of whom are in the Middle East

there are strong divisions of opinion in the Nazi Hierarchy.

Frankness

IN view of the impression that some propagandists have tried to give about the worsening of relations between Russia, Britain and the United States, it is to be hoped that the reports that Mr. Anthony Eden is to visit Moscow after the Quebec Conference will prove true. I think that they will. Marshal Stalin's inability to go to Quebec has always been fully appreciated in London by the Government, if not by the friends of Russia, who can become so emotional.

Mr. Eden's presence in Moscow can do a lot of good, particularly if he is frank and fair and firm, and by his report on the Quebec Conference he can show Marshal Stalin how complete and real is the desire of the Prime Minister and the President for co-operation with Soviet Russia, militarily as well as politically. It is my personal opinion—and that

alone—that Marshal Stalin himself does not need much convincing. He knows. Of course, we must remember that Marshal Stalin is a politician as much as the Prime Minister and the President of the United States, and like them and Hitler and Mussolini, he is dependent in the final resort on popular public opinion. Mussolini's downfall, in spite of his repressive powers which deprived his people of so much, proved this.

Manœuvre

THE attention of the world is, and will continue to be, focused on Italy as her people struggle to free themselves from the penalties of war and the prison grasp of Hitler's policies. Marshal Badoglio's desire to have Rome declared an open city was little more than a political manœuvre. All who know the facts assert their belief that it was set in motion by Hitler himself in order to gain time as well as cause confusion in Allied countries. Hitler's argument for doing this

can be read quite easily. It would be to this effect: Give the democracies a political as well as cultural problem, and they will forget their main military purpose in interminable discussions and deliberations. This will help me to withdraw my troops and help you, Marshal Badoglio, to get better terms from them after the discussions have meandered along for some time.

But Hitler forgot the impatience of the Italian people, just as Marshal Badoglio overlooked their feelings when he assumed power. The Italian people want the Germans out of Italy as soon as possible, and they want peace. Marshal Badoglio seems incapable of plunging for peace and therefore it seems doubtful that he can hold on to power much longer. As a military man, he should have sought peace within the few hours of succeeding Mussolini and then his soldiers' honour would not have become so deeply involved. But obviously he cannot declare with one voice that Italy will continue in the war and at the same time whisper for peace.

Watchdog

ABSENT from the Prime Minister's party in the United States is Brigadier Harvie Watt, his Parliamentary Private Secretary. Unlike other Prime Ministers and most Ministers, Mr. Churchill does not take his Parliamentary Private Secretary with him when he goes abroad, which must be greatly to Brigadier Watt's regret. But his job at Westminster can be difficult and harassing. He has to keep the Prime Minister informed of all the trends of parliamentary opinion, and this means being forever watchful for the slightest sign of opposition to Government policy. Brigadier Harvie Watt is a well-built, broad-spoken Scotsman of 40. For twenty years he has been a Territorial, and as soon as the war started he was called up with his unit, which went into intensive training. There was general surprise when he suddenly returned to Westminster to serve Mr. Churchill. But none can doubt Brigadier Watt's capacity for he is a barrister, and before the war worked hard in the courts. Lately Brigadier Harvie Watt has acquired several important directorships, including a seat on the Board of the Great Western Railway Company, which will render it unnecessary for him to return to the Bar after the war, and may cause him to surrender any ideas of high office in politics.



General Alexander Talks to Malta Pilots

General Sir Harold Alexander, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Deputy C-in-C. Allied Forces in the Mediterranean, during a recent visit to Malta, made a tour of the island's airfields. This picture shows him talking to some of the fighter pilots



Major-General Simonds Thanks the Hampshires

Major-General Guy Granville Simonds, C.B.E. (second from right), who commands the Canadian Forces in Sicily, visited men of the Hampshires to thank them for their part in the capture of Agira and Regalbuto. He was in the first Canadian contingent to arrive in Britain in 1939

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Too Much Boost

By James Agate

HEAR now a little story. In the days before the last war when I showed ponies there used to be a large Repository where horses were bought and sold. Sometimes you got a good animal, and sometimes you got a bad one. After a time I discovered that the worst animals were always those which in the catalogue bore the most glowing descriptions. In all cases the guarantee turned out to be strictly accurate. With this difference, that something guaranteed not to shy at motor cars would refuse to go under a railway bridge. Many variations could be played on this theme; sufficient to say that when the owner told you that the horse was blind in one eye it was in the hope that you wouldn't detect spavins and a curb.

One day I took to this market a very handsome bright-bay gelding, my only reason for getting rid of him being that I had too many. I stated in the catalogue that Purple Rajah—

put my back up before I go in? The answer is that the film company doesn't care about me and my back. That these captions are merely traps to snare the illiterate public for whom it singly caters. And now I will let them into a secret. If the producing company had been content with "*Flemish Farm*, A film," I should doubtless have found it good enough. It is the exaggeration which kills.

ACTUALLY the film belies all that the posters have to say about it. *Flemish Farm* IS yet another war picture, and not a very good one, dealing with schoolboyish retrieval of a buried flag. As for being moved and excited I am afraid I found myself bored and yawning! I forget who the actors were but I thought they were pretty good. And I remember that in the last thirty seconds Ronald Squire appeared and ran off with the film. Why does no film-company make more use of an actor six, or it

"Pray, pray, for a metamorphosis"? If so, their prayer is answered. Master Humphrey's clock now wears the most benign face, and his very hands bespeak charity and good will to all men—except of course the Nazis.

THE film, which takes place almost entirely on the sea, and is concerned with the manoeuvres of an American tanker and a Liberty ship, is highly technical; indeed to such an inveterate land-lubber as myself it seemed a trifle too technical. The Navy will doubtless revel in it—or are they escapist too?—but for civilians all this engine-room and gun-turret jargon may prove a little difficult to understand; and even at times a little boring. A pleasant relief is afforded by the absence of love-interest. Raymond Massey is the captain on both ships, and there is a charming little scene at his home with his wife, beautifully played by that sensitive actress Ruth Gordon. There is also a cabaret singer who eventually marries Chief Mate Humphrey—yes, our Bogart, in addition to his other virtues, becomes a respectable married man. And that, as regards the fair sex, is all. Otherwise everything is battle, noise, firing, killing, hurry, scurry and flurry. If you prefer films of the Handy Andy Hardy order, you won't like this one; but if you like to see ships

in action—and what action!—then this is most emphatically *voire tasse de thé*.

ONE slight criticism. In former days certain people carped at the then prevailing custom of making foreigners speak American instead of their native language. The carpers will be satisfied with this film, in which every word uttered on enemy ships and planes is spoken in German. Whether the people not possessed of a knowledge of that mellifluous tongue will like this I don't know; but it certainly serves as a medium for a very fine performance by Ludwig Stossel as the Commander of the U-boat.

NOT even the most zealously inaccurate designers of posters could describe *Bataan* (Empire) as anything but a war picture. It tells how thirteen American soldiers held up the Japanese advance and how their number dwindled from thirteen to twelve, then to eleven, and so forth. Shall it be confessed that half-way through I found myself thinking of C. E. Montague's famous passage on Jerome K. Jerome's *Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

When once the angelic visitant's therapeutics were on foot, when he began to tackle the unregenerate one by one, singling each beneficiary in turn out of the herd by the mere power of his eye, while the yet unsaved hovered uneasily in the background, "up-stage," doing letters or accounts, or trifling with the newspaper, and bringing back to us memories of a sheep-wash with the first of the flock already in the present throes of baptism and the rest as yet huddling and shuddering apprehensively in the pen upstream, we first reflected mournfully that there would be eleven of them, and then thought what a wise man Shelley was to say that art ought not to go about doing good by direct moral precept, but should content itself with invigorating people's imaginations, and trust the invigorated imagination to do the moral good afterwards.

Yes, I confess to reflecting that there were thirteen heroes to be accounted for, and that at the moment of reflection the film had only disposed of six!



Humphrey Bogart and Raymond Massey in "*Action in the North Atlantic*," at Warners and the Regal

for that was his name—was a jibber, a crib-biter and a wind-sucker. That at the smell of a traction engine he would go over the hedge, and that at the sight of little girls with pig-tails he would bolt for home. I concluded: "In fact, no guarantee of any sort is given with this animal, which is merely described as A HORSE." The result was that I sold Purple Rajah for the biggest price I ever obtained at the sales.

So what? asks the reader. Just this. When are the film companies going to realise that excessive boosting does their films worse than no good? Enormous posters all over London have announced *Flemish Farm* (Leicester Square) as "NOT another war film but a TRUE story. More exciting, more inspiring than any masterpiece of fiction." In other words, what the poster tells me is that I shall be more greatly moved by two hours of celluloid than by Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, Turgenev's *On the Eve*, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Dickens's *David Copperfield*, Meredith's *Richard Feverel* and Hardy's *Tess*. Am I, being a more or less educated person, to believe this? NO. And the film company must know that I am not going to believe it. Why then does it



Lloyd Nolan and Robert Taylor as they appear in "*Bataan*" at the Empire

may be seven times as good as Adolphe Menjou?

Is it possible that even in Hollywood a world-renowned player of irresistible young lovers, Robert X, should say to Mr. Metro: "Say, Met., I ain't gonna play no more dog-gone lovers, see? I wanna play swell historical parts like Shakespeare's Richard III or General George Washington." Whereupon Mr. Metro says: "Go ahead, Bob." Or that that universally beloved vamp, Paulette Y. conveys to Mr. Goldwyn her inflexible resolve to act henceforth nothing but resolute queens and determined empresses. If this can happen, why should not dear domesticated Rosalind Z. hint to Mr. Mayer that she is tired of all those good girls and wants to exchange her serenity for some of Paulette's sirenities?

AGAIN, so what? Merely that in the latest Humphrey Bogart film, *Action In The North Atlantic*, our master-portrayer of sinister thugs, saturnine killers and tenebrous gangsters is now become the most lovable, genial and benevolent of souls, always ready with a kind word and a helpful act. Hyde has turned into Jekyll indeed. Did some of his many admirers exclaim with Congreve's Valentine Legend:

"Dear Octopus"

Dodie Smith's Comedy Filmed with Helen Haye in the Part Created by the late Marie Tempest

Dear Octopus was produced at the Queen's Theatre in September, 1938, with a brilliant cast which included, besides Dame Marie Tempest, John Gielgud as Nicholas. Leon Quartermaine as Charles Randolph, Madge Compton as Margery (the part she plays in the film), Valerie Taylor as Cynthia, Una Venning as Edna, and Angela Baddeley as Penny—then known as Fenny. It ran for a year (376 performances). Based on a family reunion to celebrate the golden wedding of Dora and Charles Randolph, it is a comedy of growing-pains and adjustments. The film is at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion



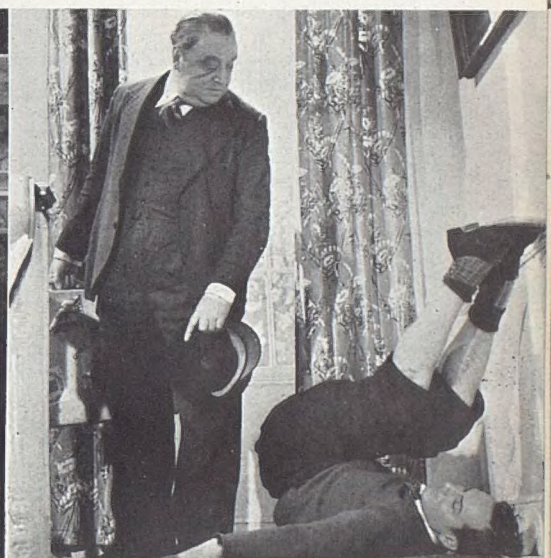
Much of the Randolph family life centres round the old nursery. Parents find the pastimes of youth more fascinating than ever, and the children's toys irresistible (Michael Wilding, Alistair Stewart, Derek Lansiaux, Madge Compton, Basil Radford, Ann Stephens)



Belle (Athene Seyler), Dora Randolph's much-married sister, is a member of the house-party which celebrates the Randolphs' golden wedding. From the stairs she says good night to her host and hostess (Frederick Leister, Helen Haye)



Nicholas Randolph (Michael Wilding), playwright son, comes home for the family celebrations. He meets again his mother's companion-friend, Penny (Margaret Lockwood), who has long been in love with him



Nicholas fails to negotiate the stairs and is found at an awkward moment by Burton (Artie Ash), the family butler, who has been with the Randolphs far too long to be surprised at anything the young people may do



Edna, widowed daughter-in-law (Nora Swinburne) is also in love with Nicholas. Her attitude to Penny causes a family row, seen in progress above. (Antoinette Cellier, Nora Swinburne, Madge Compton, Celia Johnson)



The celebrations end with a dance in the village hall. Nicholas is a little horrified at the golden wedding bell so proudly produced by Mrs. Vicar (Jean Cadell) for the place of honour. Carrying the bell is Fred (Graham Moffatt)



It is only when Nicholas realises that Felix Martin, a local farmer (Roland Culver), is in love with Penny that he becomes conscious of his own love for her. At the dance he proposes and is accepted—to the great joy of the Randolphs

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

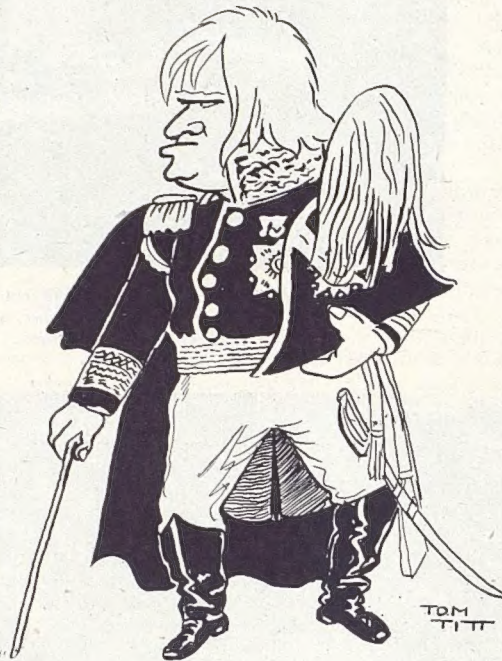
War and Peace (Phoenix)

TOLSTOY'S *War and Peace* is a long story, epic in scope and quality. It has lately suffered a popular English boom. This was provoked by our general interest in Russia and by the fateful parallel between Napoleon's 1812, and the present Nazi campaigns. A radio adaptation of the book was recently broadcast; a film is projected, and a stage play was inevitable. Our present concern is with the play and with two questions that arise: does it truly represent the book, and is it self-supporting, in interest, as a play? The answer to both questions must be a qualified and somewhat regretful negative.

Cutting a long story short without mutilating it is an art; and in the successful practice of it, scissors should be a subsidiary instrument. This dramatisation does not so much trim as fillet the book and discard all but the bones. The adapter, producer, scenic artist, musical composer, producer's assistant, stage director, chief electrician, five stage managers, and their assistants have undoubted skill, and must work like Trojans. But the patient—that is, Tolstoy—does not survive the operation.

THE programme is a formidable document.

It announces thirty-two consecutive scenes; the action covers the Napoleonic campaign; the list of characters, which includes all ranks from private to commander-in-chief, looks as long as the nominal roll of a regiment. Moreover, a note advises us that "the hero of the play is the Russian people—and not a single character." And until common sense assures us that this, being a London production, will not exceed the usual two to three hours, we feel that we may be in for such a session as is common in the Chinese theatre, where playtime is measured, not by the hour, but by the week. Then we begin to



Kutuzov, one of Russia's oldest and most renowned soldiers, is elected Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army which faces Napoleon (Frederick Valk)

wonder how so wide a prospect will be covered, such an army be deployed, and such a timetable be kept.

These practical problems are ingeniously tackled with the aid of a magic-lantern, and by filleting Tolstoy's prodigious narrative. Of these two adjuvants, the magic-lantern is, perhaps, the more successfully serviceable. Serenely,

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Napoleon outlines his scheme for defeating the Russian Armies and his plan to occupy Moscow (Peter Illing, Morris Harvey)



Count Pierre Bezuhov is a reluctant courtier. He loves books, study—and Natasha (David Dawson)



Natasha, the fiancée of Prince Andrey, falls under the spell of Prince Anatole and breaks her engagement (Paulette Preney, Ronald Millar, Barry Morse)

and often with beauty, this lantern projects on to the plain backcloth a series of charming coloured views that complete the solid scenery (twin staircases and a bridge-balcony) built up in the middle distance. The cutting of Tolstoy's text, and the joining of narrative flats, are done by Mr. Henry Oscar, who, as narrator, remains in the prompt corner throughout, and discharges his heroic duty with dignity, eloquence, and sensitive art.

One is immediately, even excitedly, impressed by the ingenious skill of Mr. Julius Gellner, the producer, which gains our goodwill from the start. The well-dressed characters are imaginatively marshalled and grouped. Military uniforms and court toilettes add lustre and life to the series of tableaux-vivants which ensue, and for a while our interest is held, the eye enchanted, and criticism disarmed. But only for a while. The story itself seldom rises in temperature above that of a bleak synopsis. Personal fortunes, subtlety of characterisation, and emotional nuances have of necessity to be sacrificed to the long, eventful time-table and the exigencies of the campaign. An occasional intimate, domestic, or romantic cameo may stand out; but few of the characters are able to make more than a fleeting impression before the scene dissolves and its successor is projected.

The discipline of the actors is impeccable; their entrances and exits are smooth, and the general action is fluid. One feels that such individual characters as Kutuzov, the canny old C.-in-C., fulfilled by Mr. Frederick Valk with the generous brilliance of a Rowlandson cartoon, Mr. Barry Morse's ill-fated Prince Bolkonsky, and half a dozen others, would more emotionally impress by their lines and opportunities allowed. Our role as spectators, which is to keep pace with the swiftly turned pages, and *au fait* with the kaleidoscope's historic implications, becomes at last unfairly exacting.

As a technical experiment this production excitingly succeeds; as drama it fails. Not from lack of taste, but from the sheer intractability of the material. Tolstoy was a novelist rather than a dramatist; and the capacity of pint pots is not infinite. He cared, and makes his readers care, about the personal fortunes of his characters, their loves, rivalries and sorrows. One cares hardly more about what happens to these picturesque figments than one would if they were merely the coloured illustrations to a story.



Viscountess Carlow and Her Two Sons

A. Rahm

Lady Carlow and her two sons, George and Lionel, were holiday making at Rock, in Cornwall, when this snapshot was taken. Lady Carlow (the former Peggy Cambie) is the wife of the Earl of Portarlington's son and heir.



Gymkhana Competitor

The Hon. Lady Drummond competed in the Open Utility Driving Class at the Gymkhana held in aid of the Red Cross at Farnham Common. Lady Drummond is the wife of the Hon. Sir Maurice Drummond, a brother of the Earl of Perth.

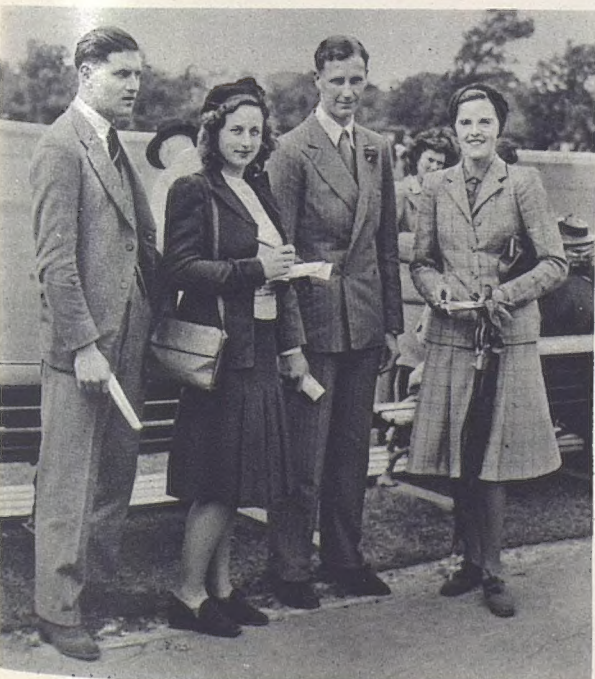


Back in London

Miss Kathleen Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Joseph Kennedy, has returned to London as a member of the American Red Cross.

Out of Doors in Town and Country

Snapshots from Here and There



Major Peyton Jones and Major W. J. Barr, both of the Royal Devon Yeomanry, were with Miss Katherine FitzHerbert (who is shortly going in to the W.R.N.S.) and Miss "Bunty" Whyte.



Spectators at the Phoenix Park Races in Dublin

Sir John Prichard-Jones, who was at home on leave, was with Lady Prichard-Jones. Their son and heir was born in March this year.



Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Dominick Browne sat with Miss Broniewska between the races. Mr. Dominick Browne owns Breaghney, in County Mayo, and is a former joint-Master of the Gaheay Blazers.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The King with the Home Fleet

ONE of the King's last engagements before going on holiday—details of which were still on the "secret list" when we went to press last week—was his fifth wartime visit to the Home Fleet. It was his first inspection since Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser hoisted his flag, and it was obvious to everyone fortunate enough to be there that he thoroughly enjoyed it. The Navy was the King's first love, and he enjoys these visits just as the sailors themselves enjoy them. The latest devices and improvements which he is shown are considered with

each member being allowed to introduce one lady guest between the hours of 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. only. Five shillings is charged for bed and bath.

Mrs. James Corrigan, an American well known in this country for her lavish and generous hospitality, is chairman of the General Committee and superintends everything. She has the Duchess of Marlborough and Marie, Marchioness of Willingdon, among members of her committee, and a large hospitality committee which includes a great number of her old English friends. Many of them were present at the party and gathered round the buffet set up in the L-shaped room on the first floor, where the late Lady Moyné used to give her big balls. The cocktail bar, like the oak-panelled library, was crowded with well-wishers. The Duke of Marlborough came with his wife, both in uniform, she in that of the Red Cross, he in khaki; Lady Juliet Duff was accompanied by her tall son, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith; Lady Wavell was making one of her first public appearances since her recent return to this country; Lady Sinclair, wife of the Air Minister, was with her stepmother, Mrs. Feridah Forbes; Lady Ilchester was there; so were Lady Moira Combe, Lady Patricia Ward and Lady Castlereagh.

News from Scotland

THERE is sure to be a big gathering of the clans at Dunblane on the 31st of this month to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of Col. Jack Stirling, D.S.O., of Kippendavie, and his wife, who was formerly Countess of Elgin (wife of the Lord Elgin who was Viceroy of India and died in 1917). News from the moors is disappointing. Grouse are scarce, so much so that the Perthshire lairds, at any rate, decided not to take advantage of permission ante-dating the opening of the season, and started on the 12th just as usual. Many of the



Country Christening

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Newsome was christened Penelope, at Farnborough Church, Kent. Mr. Newsome is the B.B.C. Director of European Broadcasts, and his wife was formerly Miss Sheila Grant Duff.

young girls in well-known Highland families have chosen nursing as their contribution to the war effort. Among them are Miss Susan Greenfield, daughter of Brig. Greenfield, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and cousin of the V.C. Lorne Campbell; Miss Monica McGrigor, whose grandfather owns Balnacoin at Aboyne; and Miss Mungall, a young poetess, who has had much encouragement from Sir Ian Hamilton. The veteran Sir Ian—now ninety years old—is going for a long stay to Blair Drummond, the home of his kinsfolk, Sir Kay and Lady Muir. He intends to use it as a jumping-off ground for engagements in Edinburgh and Glasgow, for Blair Drummond, lying as it does near Stirling, is most conveniently placed between the two.

News from India

SOMEWHERE in that part of India which is intensely cold in winter and sun-baked in summer, Mrs. Dorman-Smith (Mrs. D.S. to her "boys") continues very energetically to run her club called Cunningham House, after Sir George Cunningham, Governor of the N.W.F.P. Here she and a few helpers serve delicious meals to hungry officers from a near-by training school



Married in London

Mr. Raymond W. Baldwin, son of the late Mr. A. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin, of Bloxwich, Staffordshire, married Miss S. Penelope Barlow, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Barlow, of Dene House, Didsbury, Manchester, at St. Peter's, Vere Street

real understanding under the practical eye of personal experience, and when, as on this latest occasion, a signal of congratulation to officers and men of the Fleet was hoisted in addition to the traditional "Splice the mainbrace," there was a genuine—and well justified—feeling of pride throughout the Fleet.

The King was accompanied by Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, as naval equerry, and Sir Eric Mievile. Commander Anthony Kimmins, B.B.C. narrator of the epics of the Malta Convoy, the Africa landing and the Sicilian invasion, was there to give the world an inside slant of what the Navy thinks of its C-in-C. and what a royal inspection of the Fleet stands for.

Wings Club

THE Wings Club are to have the Duchess of Kent as patron. This news was given at an opening party in Grosvenor Place recently by members of the Committee. The Wings Club establishes a new centre for R.A.F. officers on leave in London. It provides "a recreational and social centre for younger Royal Air Force officers on leave or on duty in London, as well as meals, refreshments, drinks and entertainment." Membership is free to all British, Dominion, Colonial and Allied male officers,



Major and Mrs. T. B. Ellis and Bridesmaids

Major Timothy B. Ellis, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and Miss Veronica P. Rose were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on August 14th. The three bridesmaids were Miss Ruth Ellis (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Nancy Mellor and Miss Evelyn Rose (the bride's sister).

Swade



A July Christening at Badminton Church

W. Dennis Moss

Anthony Giles Humble Ward was christened on July 31st. He is seen here with his parents, W/Cdr. the Hon. George and Mrs. Ward, and his small sister, Georgina. Others in the picture are Mrs. Humphrey de Freville, Major A. W. Foster, M.C., Countess Cadogan (godparents), Canon J. S. Gibbs, who performed the ceremony, and the Hon. Julian Fane (godfather)

TATLER
STANDER
25, 1943
233



Young Party at the Bagatelle

Swabe

Sitting on the sofa before dinner one night were Miss Maria Britnieva, Mr. D. le Poer Trench, Lady Penelope Herbert, Lord Rupert Nevill, Lady Camilla Wallop, Mr. John Ewart, Miss Hermione Willoughby and Lord Porchester

at all hours of the day and night, and manage to supply a certain amount of beer, almost unobtainable elsewhere in India. Though she has two young grandchildren, Mrs. Dorman-Smith and her daughters are often mistaken for sisters.

Farther south, at Mount Abu, the magnificent sum of over £1200 has been raised by Mrs. Gillan for the Red Cross. She held a fête in the beautiful Residency gardens, and was supported by Mrs. Kaye, H.H. the Maharajah of Bikaner (who had just shot three fine tigers at Abu), Lady Field, the lovely Spanish wife of Sir Donald Field (who brought her two-year-old son John to the fête, dressed in miniature jodhpurs and riding his white pony), Sir Robert and Lady Reid (he was Governor of Assam, and their son is a prisoner of war in Italy), Lady Carson, Lady Crossthwaite and many more. Mrs. Gillan has travelled widely. She and her husband, Lt.-Col. Gillan, have lived in such remote places as Iraq and Kashgar. Kashgar, where Col. Gillan was British Consul-General, is in China, close to the borders of Russia and India, and a fifty-two-day trek by pony over the wildest mountains to Kashmir, the nearest point to the outside world.

Attached to a mule company on the plains are Mr. Ben Alder and Mr. Gavin Black. Gavin Black's brother, Dick, and Ben Alder are both Grand National riders; the latter having twice finished second on Col. Scott Briggs's MacMoffat. Letters from Mrs. Fulke Walwyn keep them up-to-date with English racing news. Mr. Gavin Black has been staying with the Resident of Jaipur, Major Mortimer Poulton, who lives in a lovely old Mogul palace near the palace of T.H. the Maharajah and Maharani of Jaipur. Her Highness is a daughter of H.H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar, so well known in London, and a sister of the present Maharajah of Cooch Behar. H.H. the Maharajah of Jaipur, who has also spent a great deal of time in England, is a captain in the Life Guards.

And News from California

FRIENDS of Lady Patricia Latham, who have not seen her for so long, will be glad to know that she and her young son are both well and are living in Southern California. Young Richard, now rising ten, was filmed a little while ago while playing on the beach at Los Angeles. The Vincent Korda production unit

(Concluded on page 248)



Dining Out

Swabe

F/Lt. the Hon. Langton Iliffe and his wife were others at the Bagatelle. Mrs. Iliffe was Reaée du Plessis before her marriage to Lord Iliffe's elder son in 1938



Parents and Guests at the Ellis-Rose Wedding and Reception

Above are Mrs. Ellis, mother of the bridegroom, Mr. F. H. Hargrove and the bride's parents, G/Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Rose. Mrs. Ellis is the widow of Mr. D. W. Ellis, and lives at Bank House, Ledbury. Mrs. Rose is a daughter of the late Lord Hirst



Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Carr Gamage were at their niece's wedding. Mrs. Gamage is the late Lord Hirst's elder daughter and a sister of the bride's mother



Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck and Lady Peck were at the reception. He is Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (General), and received the K.C.B. in June

Swabe



The jewels of Conchita D'Alvarez (Marjorie Brooks) are the envy of the international underworld. Scotland Yard, represented by Lord D'Arcy (Fred Emney), holds a 'watching brief



Elsie Randolph sings "There's Scandal in the Nursery Rhymes," a new number, with music and lyrics by Gaby Rogers



Lord D'Arcy seeks the support of his old friend Willmott Brown (Jack Buchanan). He persuades him to impersonate Tiger Delano, a notorious gangster who is known to be after the jewels



Willmott has an ally—Buddy Bradley—who runs a School of Dancing. Star pupil is Marian Kane (Elsie Randolph), leading light of the local theatre. Marian, Buddy and the chorus sing "Rhythm College"



Jack has a dancing lesson at Buddy's School of Dancing. Their feet are a rhythmic accompaniment to "Yankee Doodle Came to London Town"



Willmott (Jack Buchanan), disguised as Tiger Delano, is introduced to the gang who plan to get Conchita's jewels. (Anthony Howard, Andrew Leigh, Harry Lane, Joe Quigley, Jack Buchanan, Charles Minor)



In seeking to find out the jewel thieves' plans, Lord D'Arcy and Willmott (Fred Emney and Jack Buchanan) impersonate the hotel musicians. Is it mere chance that Fred, at the piano, bears a remarkable resemblance to Sir Henry Wood?



It is only a question of time till Lord D'Arcy himself falls under the spell of Conchita's jewels. He produces the plans of his ancestral home and finds Conchita hearteningly receptive. (Marjorie Brooks, Fred Emney)



As Tiger Delano, Willmott inherits the reputation of being the world's greatest lover. How to make love in easy stages proves more easily read than done. (Fred Emney, Marjorie Brooks, Jack Buchanan)

Photographs by John Vickers



Happy ending disposes of the Tiger, restores Willmott to his own personality and finds the breath of romance in the air. (Elsie Randolph and Jack Buchanan)

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE of several crimes of the late French Third Republic was to build a large military aerodrome almost on the steps of Chartres Cathedral, which, with Seville Cathedral, is the noblest piece of Gothic and one of the marvels of the ages, as you know. Whether Monsieur Blum had anything to do with the aerodrome enterprise we don't know. Judging by his book on marriage, it seems possible. A destructive type, Monsieur Blum.

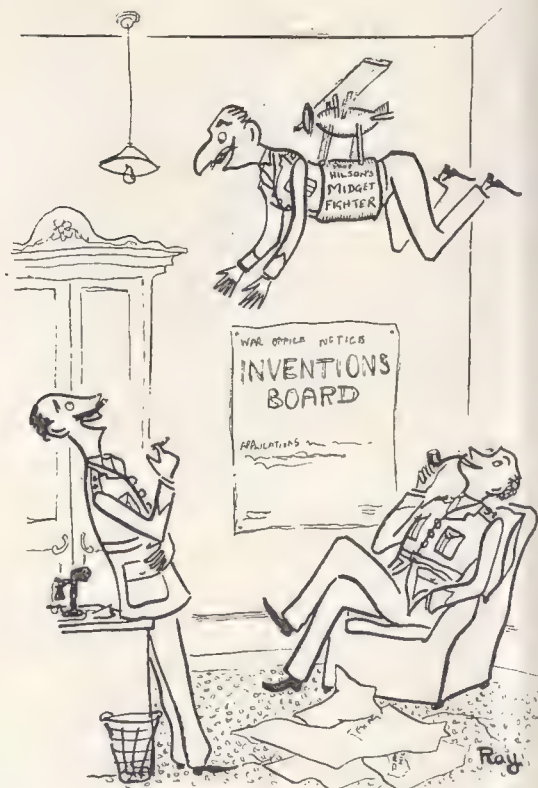
Hence, as Sir Sydney Cockerell sombrely remarked to Auntie Times recently, if there is any air-fighting over Chartres in the near future this irreplaceable jewel of the *mystique* is probably for it (though its glorious medieval glass, including the great window called Notre-Dame de la Belle Verrière, was packed away safely when the war began, if we remember rightly). The only blot on Chartres, that huge 18th-century marble group of the Assumption by the industrious Bridan, which moved Huysmans to fury, will escape annihilation for the second time. Its first escape was during the Revolution, when some fool of a sansculotte crowned it with a red cap of Liberty. Such works of art naturally bear charmed lives.

Footnote

WE must be crazy, trying to make you drop a passing tear for Chartres. At a smart charity-bazaar a few years ago a Professor of Phrenology pawed our skull and said to us: "You will go far, but not very. You might be rich, beloved, powerful and happy, but you will inevitably try and interest the Island Race in the Gothic, and for this reason," said this expert, dusting his hands, "I pronounce you a sap for wilfully endangering your life. And when I say a sap," added the Professor, "I mean a master-sap, a sap absolute, displayed, and regardant, in the Chief, the Pale, and the Quarter Fess." And how right he turned out to be.

Cry

THAT recent exhibition of hysteria by the Left Wing's trousered sob-sisters and the Great Soft Centre of Fleet Street over that brutal infantry colonel who made his men shout "Hi-de-hi!" and "Ho-de-ho!" could have been avoided, we think, if Mr. Gerald Kersh's latest tough, attractive stories of the



"One more turn each, then he can have it back"

home-life of the Guards, *The Nine Lives of Bill Nelson*, had come out earlier.

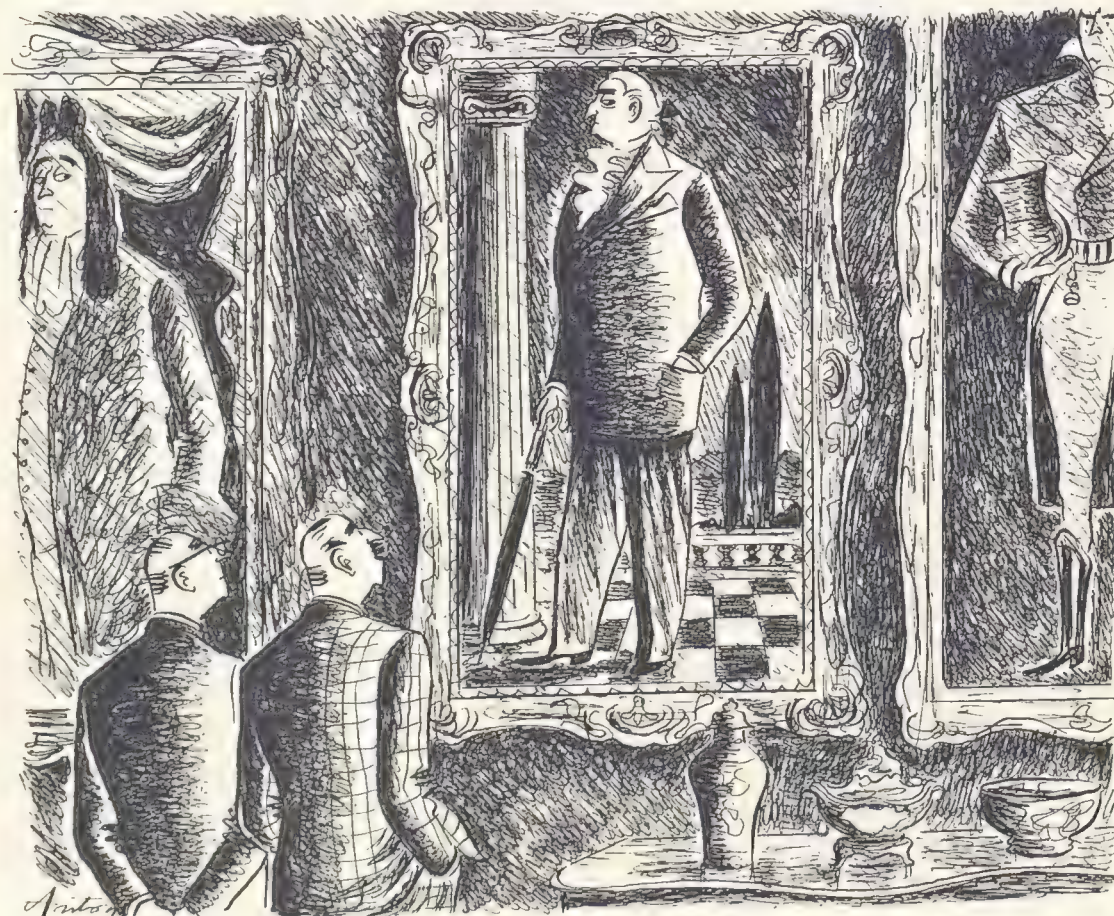
Here, in the meaty *argot* of the Brigade, and amid colossal socks on the jaw, is demonstrated the mystic significance of this cry, which helped the Guards, bleeding and starving and decimated and half-dead, to limp back to Dunkirk in correct column-of-threes and line up on the beach with clean boots (those who had them), as at Wellington Barracks. It's the exact modern equivalent of the "Montjoye-St. Denis!" of the French Crusaders and the "Dex aide!" of the Normans at Hastings, and if it can rally the Guards in a tough spot we guess it's good enough for anybody. A bit of that ruthless, daily Guards discipline would do the fatter sob-sisters who survived it no harm, either. Like the historian Taine, who was so shocked by the free-and-easy way the Guards used to conduct their amours all over Hyde Park, they seem unaware of the essential.

Incidentally a chap who was alleging recently that André Maurois is the only modern French novelist who can convey British soldiers' talk accurately was mumbling through his mass-produced bowler. Maurice Dekobra some time ago dealt with a British officers' mess on the N.W. Frontier quite faultlessly.

Sedative

ANOTHER fishing holiday by Mr. Roosevelt has been followed by a momentous conference with Mr. Churchill, showing that fishing is good for all concerned, except maybe the fish.

(Concluded on page 238)



"There's no doubt the 6th baronet was considerably in advance of his time"



Josephine Baker, the famous coloured artiste, had a chat on the terrace of Shephard's Hotel, Cairo, with Mr. Basil Dean. He is Director of National Service Entertainment



On his arrival at Shephard's, Will Fyfe, Scottish comedian, signed in. He was a member of the E.N.S.A. party which entertained the troops in the Egyptian desert

Entertaining the Forces

At Home and Abroad



Seen drinking tea at Shephard's: Richard Haydn, Kay Young, Bee Lillie, Dorothy Dickson, Nicholas Phipps, Leslie Henson and Cyril Baker, performers in the E.N.S.A. show, "Spring Party"



Noel Coward, the famous actor and author, was the guest of Lt.-Gen. Mason McFarlane, C.-in-C. and Governor of Gibraltar, when paying a short visit to the peninsula. He is seen with his host in the grounds of "The Convent," the Governor's residence



This photograph was taken before the opening ceremony of the New Home Fleet Theatre, and includes some of the guest artists performing there: Arthur Askey, Rear-Admiral P. Macnamara, Jack Hylton, Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel V. Wells, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, Georgina and June Marlow

Standing By ...

(Continued)

On the other hand, the Walton legend about fishing being the perfect aid to contemplation is only partly true. We once watched a redfaced chap landing a salmon in the Spey and he was perfectly horn-mad the whole time, especially when he discovered that while his back was turned a gentle cow had stolen up privily and eaten half his mackintosh. Again, while walking in Hampshire with another chap, we passed an angler brooding over a trout-stream, and our friend called cheerfully to him, "Today is the 1150th anniversary of the Battle of Roncesvalles!" Whereupon this angler shook with fury and barked: "Go to hell!" This conversation ensued:

"You are not interested in the epic battles of Christendom?"

"You've lost me my fish, damn you."

"You will forget that once I have recited to you a few lines from the Song of Roland."

Our friend accordingly chanted some fifty lines from the Song of Roland, pointing out to this odious raving angler the austere loveliness of this immortal poem, for the stream lay between us. The conversation then ended:

"You are now a better man for this vision of old chivalry."

"I am not, damn you."

"Yes, you are. I can see it in those big blue eyes. A better man, more courteous, more truthful, more worthy of your heritage."

"How would it be if I came over and gave you a good crack on the jaw?"

"By all means. The old spirit is stirring you already, I see."

However, the angler did not come over, but merely glared and muttered, and we went on. Like most anglers, he was not a true contemplative. Whether they are liars or not is beside the point.

Fan

ALL is well, a gossip has reported, with those of our dumb chums who still remain at the Zoo; including the yak, whom an emotional Zoo Correspondent in one of the dailies described some time ago as "such a friendly chap!"

This remark about the yak made such a deep, nay searing, impression on us that we wrote a little breezy motet or chanty on the topic, which we will sing to you here and now:

The yak is such a friendly chap—
What one might call a fan,
It hits him like a thunderclap
To view the Island Pan;

So hoist the top-gal't-stuns'ls,
boys,
And let the mizzen crack;
Whatever Fate may sock us, boys,
We've always got the Yak.

The yak is such a friendly chap,
And though extremely dumb,
His passion for the Island Map
Is still not clear to some;

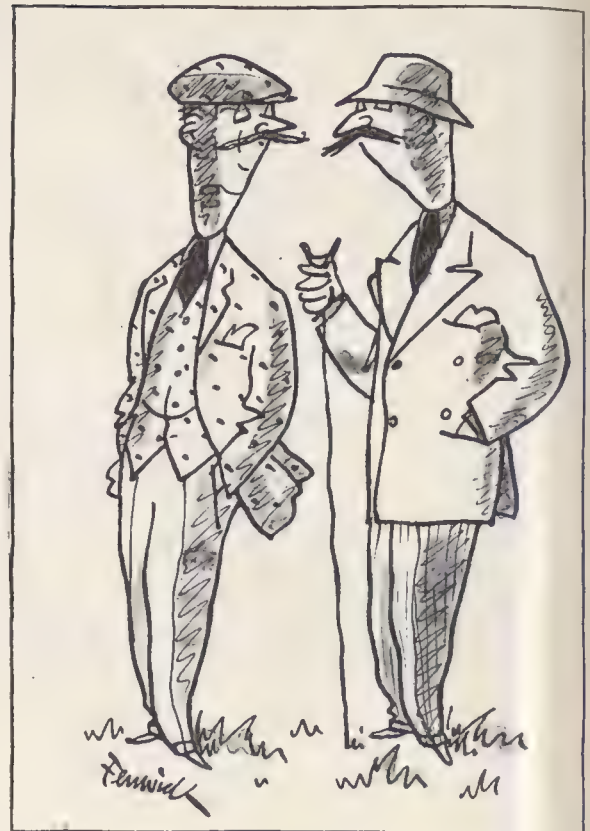
But haul the bowline taut, my
lads,
And try the starb'd tack,
Whatever Nelson said, my lads,
We've always got the Yak.

The Nelson reference is to his cry "Roll up that map of Europe!" on seeing the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire—a cry frequently attributed to Pitt, or Pritt, or some politician or other.

Gesture

IF, being cynically defrauded (in your opinion) of your money's-worth of entertainment you hiss, roar, whistle, groan or shout in a West End theatre, a chap has been remarking despondently, you are thrown out, with more or less ceremony. He seemed upset about this, and ultimately gave up the problem of consumer's rights.

Actually there are two safe methods of protesting against this kind of exploitation. One, practised in New York, is to leave the theatre midway, firmly but quietly; this can be devastating when half the audience does it. The other way was the invention of a celebrated 18th-century Parisian bully and swashbuckler, the Chevalier de la Morlière, who so specialised in giving the noisy bird to certain actors and actresses with whom he had quarrelled that they sought police protection. So the Chevalier, surrounded by his bravoes and watched by police, would quietly emit



"I suppose this is what the troops mean by Civvy Street"

an immense yawn, natural, beyond belief. Within five minutes half the audience was yawning despite itself. Within twenty, the entire theatre was one vast yawn, including the actors, and the play was killed stone-dead.

Enigma

A LITTLE time ago we mentioned the case of the Fleet Street boy who saw mauve humming-birds (he said) in Kent, and we explained it away charitably in terms of Freud. An even stranger case has now cropped up.

While assisting the serfs and villeins on his Kentish estate to stook wheat the other day, *un grand seigneur*, an eminent and popular editor of our acquaintance saw a small kangaroo bound madly across the field, pursued by a magpie.

One naturally thinks of Freud again, but there is an obvious snag. Like submarine commanders, economists and Test cricketers, editors have no sex-life. When faced by a sex-problem they shudder lightly and ring for a footman, who informs the butler, who informs the private secretary on duty, who looks up works of Havlock Ellis in the library in the Renaissance Wing. Nor do editors "see" kangaroos at intervals as most of us do, for in order to preserve their thinking on a high plane they live with Trappist austerity and drink nothing but iced water.

Solution

OUR simple explanation is that the kangaroo was a P.E.N. Club witch in one of her many disguises, pursued by her familiar demon, or Little Master, disguised as a magpie. She had maybe failed to poison this good and charming editor, and was about to take a cruel clawing—for such is the punishment of witches who fluff a job. You rarely see a best-selling female novelist in an evening gown. Have you ever wondered why?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Someone sat on it in the cinema: improves it, don't you think?"



Air Marshal Sir R. M. Drummond, K.C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C.

Last April Air Marshal Sir Roy Maxwell Drummond was appointed Air Member for Training, in succession to Air Marshal A. G. R. Garrod. Having served in the Middle East since September 1937, under five successive A.O.C.-in-C.s, he became Deputy A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East, in June 1941, and has been described as "the brains behind our forces out there." Air Marshal Drummond played a prominent part in building up the R.A.F. in the Middle East, and with Tedder, Coningham and Lloyd was responsible for its work in the various North African campaigns. Early this year he went to Russia, seeing the Russian air and land forces in operation, and visiting production centres. Air Marshal Drummond, an Australian by birth, served during the last war as a private in the Australian Army Medical Corps. He won three decorations, the M.C., D.S.O. and Bar, in less than a year. He was awarded the K.C.B. in this year's Birthday Honours List



The Bridegroom and the Bride are Robert Helpmann and Margaret Dale. The latter made her début in this role when the ballet was revived in June, and is, as Miss Gertrude Stein puts it, "charming," much more charming, in fact, than the bored Bridegroom deserves



Guy is a guest, whose comings and goings at the wedding are as irrelevant as his Stein label, "Unknown," but gives Alexis Rassiné some excellent dancing opportunities

"A Wedding Bouquet"

An Ashton-Berners Revival
by the Sadler's Wells Ballet

Another Ashton ballet was added to the current Sadler's Wells repertoire when *A Wedding Bouquet* was revived in June. It came all the more piquantly out of its two years' retirement by following fairly closely on the production of his last creation, *The Quest*; a juxtaposition of the two works underlines afresh Ashton's astonishing versatility. Both ballets will be seen during the eight-week season which opens at the New Theatre, on August 26th. On September 7th will be presented the new production of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, with Leslie Hurry's sets and dresses; the first night is being given as a benefit for Nicolai Sergueeff whose ten years' work for the Sadler's Wells Ballet includes the production of this and the four other great classics in the repertoire from his notation of these as they were given at the Maryinsky Theatre by the Imperial Russian Ballet.



Julia, forlorn but persistent, reappears inconveniently from the Bridegroom's past. Her role gives Margot Fonteyn the chance of burlesquing some of her more seriously sad roles, and his gives Robert Helpmann yet one more delightful comic characterisation—bored, apprehensive and jaunty by turns. The shocked guests are Jean Bedells and Wenda Horsburgh



Pépé, Julia's Dog, not only consoles Fonteyn, but protects her from the guests, such as Arthur (Leslie Edwards), and is a Sadler's Wells Ballet School star



Josephine and John and Paul are three more guests. Josephine attains brief notoriety by getting tipsy and justifying the other guests' reproving "Josephine may not attend a wedding." The dancers are Moyra Fraser, Anthony Burke and David Paltenghi



Ernest and Violet are temperamentally unstable—he "may be a victim of himself" and she "may be delightful or not, as it happens," but they are gay and absurd, all the same, as danced and characterised by Gordon Hamilton and Beryl Grey

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The wedding group is firmly organised by Webster, the formidable, flat-footed maid, a role created when the ballet was first produced six years ago by Ninette de Valois, and now played by Palma Nye or Joan Sheldon. The chateau-and-lake set, the Edwardian dresses, and the music which includes a swinging waltz, are all by Lord Berners. The words are by Gertrude Stein; they are spoken by Constant Lambert, whose imperturbable delivery gives the nonsense an extra nonsensicality by making it sound like sense

or Julia (Margot
welcome followers
Grace Greenway,
nt, is the Dog



Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Alan Hillgarth has one son, Jocelyn Nigel, who was born in 1929 and is now at Eton. She is the wife of Captain Alan Hillgarth, R.N., Naval Attaché in Madrid, and is the third daughter of the late Lord Burghclere. Mrs. Hillgarth has two daughters by her previous marriage to the Hon. Geoffrey Hope-Morley (now Lord Hollenden); the elder, Mary, is the Hon. Mrs. David Babington Smith, and the younger, Elspeth, the Hon. Mrs. David Muirhead



Mrs. Neville Ford is the wife of Capt. Neville Ford, Royal Horse Guards, a son of the late Dr. Lionel Ford, onetime Headmaster of Harrow and Dean of York, and Mrs. Lionel Ford, of The Cloisters, Windsor Castle. Her daughter, Sarah, is now aged fifteen months. Mrs. Ford is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Walter Smiles, C.I.E., D.S.O., M.P., and Lady Smiles, of Portavo Point, Donaghadee, Co. Down



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is the former Miss Denise Weisweiler, a granddaughter of Lady Sassoon and a niece of Sir Victor Sassoon. She has one son, Edward Hamilton Barnaby, born in April last year (with whom she is seen here), and a daughter, Shanet Vanessa Eve, born in 1940. Her husband, Capt. N. E. Fitzpatrick, who was invalided out of the Irish Guards last year, owns Granston Manor, Ballacolla, Co. Leix

Mothers and Children



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Ivan Colvin is Chairman and Honorary Organising Secretary of the Royal Naval War Libraries, an organisation working directly under the Admiralty, which supplies all kinds of literature to men and women of all ranks in the Navy, whether afloat or ashore. She was awarded the O.B.E. recently in recognition of her services. Formerly Miss Joy Arbuthnot, of Billingshurst, Sussex, Mrs. Colvin is the wife of Capt. I. B. Colvin, R.N. The Colvins have two sons, Michael and Alistair



Marcus Adams

Mrs. J. B. Ford's two children are Fiona and Ian Dunlop. She is the wife of Major J. B. Ford, Grenadier Guards, of Clerkington, Haddington, and St. Colms, North Berwick, a nephew of Sir Patrick Ford, Bt., of Edinburgh. Mrs. Ford is the only child of Cdr. F. Elliott, R.N., and Mrs. Elliott. The baby, Fiona, has the Countess of Northesk and Lord Stanley among her godparents

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Hook, Line and Sinker!

SOME people have swallowed the lot! The raconteurs must *really* think of something better than that old whine: "Not me, sir—t'other boy!" Telling us that the Bull-Frog has been put on ice, and asking us to believe that they are doing the same thing by Der Verführer, is taxing our credulity a little bit too much! It makes no difference, of course, because the good old Equity maxim: "Qui facit per alium, facit per se," still stands; so do the penalties for robbery under arms and murder. The alleged immolation of the Virginio Gayda, editor of the ill-famed *Popolo D'Italia*, is all part of the same bluff. The next thing they will tell us is that his opposite number in Berlin has also been fired.

Foreign Invaders

IT is to be noted—and I have not the slightest doubt that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have taken full cognizance of the fact—that fears have been expressed in the Press that, after the war, we shall be "flooded by stoutly-bred invaders from the Continent," out to collect all the English money they can. I would direct the attention of anyone apprehensive on this score to Rule 69, "Foreign Horses," of the Rules of Racing, and suggest that it may be sufficiently wide to deal with any matter such as this, and further, that the Stewards, a very vigilant body, will probably subject any of the certificates, which are demanded by that rule, to more than usually severe scrutiny, especially in view of the disclosed fact that horses have been stolen from France by the Germans and by "Von" Ribbentrop in particular, and doubtless by many another German, who may also have contemplated, as this "aristocrat" does, setting up a breeding establishment. These thefts were perpetrated after the Dunkirk disaster—i.e., at the time when the military collapse of this country was regarded as certain, and the Germans openly boasted that within

a very short time the British Empire would become a German Satrapy.

A Suggestion

WHILST it is obvious, as has been said above, that Rule 69 is wide in its provisions, I suggest that, in view of the moral turpitude of the enemies against whom we are fighting, and also of their satellites and accomplices, that an addendum to the rule should be passed—and passed as soon as possible—making it quite clear that no certificate for any animal bred in, or raced in, any enemy country, enemy-occupied country or pseudo-neutral country from 1939



Players Look On

D. R. Stuart

Watching play at Bournemouth Red Cross tennis matches, were F/Lt. M. Martin, the Canadian Davis Cup player, and Mrs. Bostock (formerly Jean Nicoll), who played together in the matches

onwards to a substantial period of years, say five, from the date of the enemy's surrender, will be accepted under any circumstances: in fact, bar the door and keep it barred until there has been time to take full stock of all stolen property. If it is proposed to compel Germany and her accomplices to disgorge all loot, why should one valuable item—racehorses—be omitted?

Ringing In

THIS turf offence is not exactly unknown, and the suggested addendum to Rule 69 might act as a further discouragement to intending perpetrators. For the benefit of those not conversant with the intricacies of crime, which, unhappily, are associated with the sport under discussion, it may be explained that "ringing in" is the fraudulent substitution of another animal for the one which has been entered, and usually, as it is scarcely necessary to say, an animal of much superior quality! Dye, the clipping machine, hot irons for tooth-marking, and many more subtle devices, have been employed ere now to complete the disguise. In fact, there is no trick which will not be used by the wicked. This sort of thing would make a peculiar appeal to any owner of the "Von" Ribbentrop kidney, so that if it were enacted



B. G. Holloway

A General's Autograph

A member of the Northamptonshire Army Cadet Corps asked Gen. Sir Harry Knox for his autograph, and offered his back for the operation. Sir Harry had previously inspected the Corps

in language terse, forceful and free, that under no circumstances would any entry from Germany, or any of her present, past or future friends, be accepted, we should completely defeat the manoeuvres of these crooks. The "Running Rein Case" in the Derby has an oblique bearing upon the matter under discussion. He was a four-year-old whose teeth had been "bishop'd" to look like a three-year-old, but there was no case of substitution.

Young Blood

WE are hearing so much about "problem" horses—as if every horse were not a problem, some more so than others—that it may perhaps be a good idea to give anyone who is browned-off some material for working out the problems of the Derby, Oaks and Leger of 1944. Sometimes this is better fun than a

(Concluded on page 244)



D. R. Stuart

Singles Opponents

Henry Billington and Pat Hughes, the former British Davis Cup player, played a singles at the Bournemouth Red Cross tennis matches. Hughes was recently invalided out of the R.A.F.



Pool, Dublin

A Popular Win

The T.Y.O. Plate at Phoenix Park races, Dublin, was won by Mr. Joe McGrath's Arctic Sun (Morny Wing up), by six lengths. Mrs. McGrath led in her husband's jilly after the race

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

cross-word puzzle, and it certainly holds chances of being more remunerative: it is also quite a good mental exercise. But before going any further, let us clear away the Leger "problem" horses. Straight Deal is not one, Persian Gulf is not one, and Nasrullah most emphatically not one. We know all about all of them. If you want one to think about in addition to Ribbon, I suggest Kingsway. He is bred to stay for as long as *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and I put it to you that we should not take too much notice of his failure in the Derby (a close-up fifth behind the placed ones and Persian Gulf). However, it is not about the grown-ups but about the very young blood that I think the cross-word specialist may be more interested. Have we, so far, seen a Derby, Oaks or Leger winner in posse? I now leave it to you, partner, and merely give you some ammunition to play with.

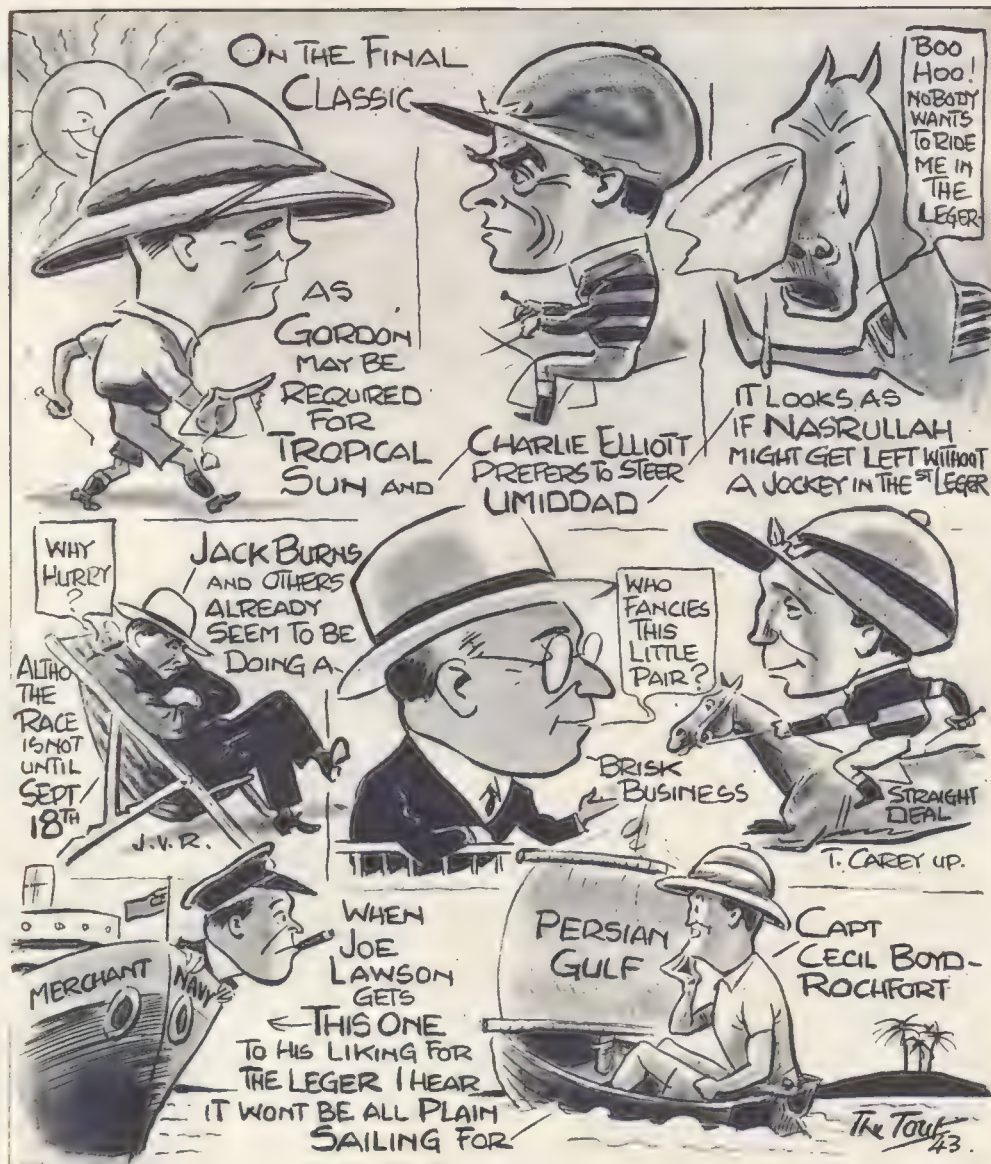
Facts in Evidence

THE principal witnesses are the winners of the Queen Mary Stakes (June 18th), Fair Fame; and the Coventry Stakes (June 19th), Orestes, both 5 furlongs, both at Newmarket, and both useful forerunners of the Middle Park Stakes (6 furlongs, October 6th) and the Dewhurst (7 furlongs, October 20th). Fair Fame is



"Plays and Music": by an R.A.F. Station

"Maria Marten" and "Sweeney Todd" were fused into one gripping melodrama, produced and played by an R.A.F. station in the West Country. Above, on the stage are: the heavy father, L.A.C. Horace Barson; the bad baronet, W/Cdr. A. D. Page, M.M.; the sweet heroine, S/O. Horne; and the heavy mother, L.A.C.W. Mary Heath



Fancies for the Final Classic: by "The Tout"

The first half-dozen in the Derby finished so close together that next month's St. Leger, to be decided on Saturday, September 18th, promises to be an exceptionally exciting contest. At the time of writing (mid-August), Ribbon is favourite at 6 to 1, but only a point or so in front of Persian Gulf, the Derby Winner and Umiddad. About Merchant Navy there is nothing but good to report from Manton, while handsome but temperamental Nasrullah continues to please in his work at Headquarters, where some of the best judges still prefer him to Umiddad, in spite of the evidence of their Derby placings

not concerned with either of these two latter races, because she has been retired for the season—very sensibly, I think. Let us take the colts first. Orestes only won the Coventry Stakes, 9 st. all round, by a head from Happy Landing, so that they are practically one and the same thing. Three lengths away was His Excellency, who on May 29th had won a 5-furlong race at Ascot very easily, beating nothing much, it is true, but who, after the Coventry Stakes—namely, on July 24th—very easily won the 6 furlongs Melbury Stakes at Salisbury by one and a half lengths, getting 5 lb. from Gustator. The way in which he won cancelled out the concession, and so it arrives that he would have won with 9 st. 3 lb., the weight carried by Gustator. I think this is worth noting. Let us take it a bit further, because Gustator is a direct line to Orestes. In the 5-furlong Manton Stakes at Salisbury, Orestes rubbed Gustator clean out; he beat him six lengths, level weights, in the very ordinary time of 1 min. 3½ secs. I think we may leave this alone, for those were nursery days, but what is worth remembering is that on June 22nd, at Ascot, Gustator, with 9 st. 5 lb. on his back—a dreadful weight for a two-year-old—laid out Miss Dorothy Paget's Mrs. Bumpkin filly stone-cold, giving her 8 lb. She had won very easily at Windsor on April 26th, beating a fair average field of her own sex. If it is true that there is not much between the Mrs. Bumpkin filly and the same owner's Mrs. Mops (Charwoman filly), who was only beaten three-quarters of a length by the crack Fair Fame in the Queen Mary Stakes, what about it? First Deduction: not at all elementary, my dear Watson, that there is not very much between Orestes, Happy Landing and His Excellency (per Gustator). And now are produced two others for our inspection—Mr. J. V. Rank's Vigorous, who won a 6-furlong race at Salisbury on July 24th by a head from another unknown, the Gliding colt (who has since then won a race); and Lord Astor's High Profit, who won the 5-furlong Dorney Stakes at Ascot on August 2nd. Both are acclaimed by the optimists as future Derby winners! How can we, or they, possibly know?

It is not possible to deal with the fillies this week, because owing to circumstances beyond control, a short analysis, which I had most carefully prepared, is held over. Roughly, they would seem to be a better all-round lot than the colts. If Ribbon wins this year's Leger and Fair Fame next year's, it will be the hat-trick to the Ladies, Sun Chariot having got the first leg in for her sex last season. I observe that some hopeful persons still continue to advise us to back Nasrullah for the Leger. Credit Judaeus Appella!

Jumping, Gymkhana, Flower-Show At Ballsbridge, Dublin



Major the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, M.V.O., M.C., and his wife came to see the horse-jumping events at Ballsbridge. He is the Earl of Airlie's only brother



The Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort were also interested in the jumping. Lord Headfort succeeded on the death of his father in January



The Earl and Countess of Granard were spectators at the show. Their Irish home is Castle Forbes, Co. Longford



The Lord Chief Justice of Eire and his wife came together. She is the late Mr. Tim Healy's daughter



Lady Oranmore and Browne (centre) took her children and step-daughter and a friend to the show. The young people are Patricia Browne, Garech Browne, Gay Kindersley and John Trench



Right: Lord Oranmore and Browne was with his wife's niece, Doon Plunket, and Tessa Kindersley, who is Lady Oranmore's daughter by her first marriage to the Hon. Phillip Kindersley



Mrs. Micks, wife of Dr. W. T. Micks, of Dublin, was with Miss Dorothy Pearson, the former English woman golf champion

The Hon. Mrs. Herbrand Alexander, sister-in-law of General Alexander, was talking to Sir Francis and Lady Brooke

Instead of their world-famous horse-show, the Royal Dublin Society this year held a three-day meeting, which included horse-jumping competitions, children's gymkhana events and a flower-show, run by the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland. The show was held at Ballsbridge, Dublin

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Across the Channel

NOT long ago, business took me into a restricted area—a strip of the Kentish coast I have known since childhood. Here, west of Hythe, Romney Marsh begins, and one sees the great curve of the coast out to Dungeness. Inland lie the chalky South Downs. Leaving Folkestone, one almost drops from the high plateau—then, above the coast road, run those smiling hills, with woods, sun-bleached grass and big-windowed houses perched on the slope like chalets, facing across the sea. This edge of Kent has always seemed to me beautiful because of the melodic relation of extreme flatness with rippling, varying height. On the June day when I came back again, Cæsar's Camp, in the distance, quivered blue with heat; there was a dark-green silence along the tree-shaded, almost empty Folkestone streets; on the lawns of unoccupied houses the grass had grown into noble, bronze-tipped hay, and in the gardens the Kentish roses were at their fullest bloom.

I felt a dramatic strangeness about this area, cut off from the rest of England by an invisible line—for the non-resident to be allowed to enter is an adventure, as well as a privilege. But, above all, I had a most happy sense of return: I had not been here since the war began, and I must have been more homesick than I knew. There was only one disappointment—to-day, one could not see France: a heat-haze, charged with sunshine, veiled the horizon. It was from the Leas at Folkestone that, as a little girl, I had first been shown France—a low-lying, violet form, distinct in the crystal air of that March morning. I still remember that moment—for I believe that, till then, I had not really *believed* that France existed. I had heard so much about France, it appeared too good to be true—might it not, after all, be a sort of fairy-tale land? . . . Gradually, as my years on that coast went by, I settled down to the idea of France as a neighbour. It was true, she did not often reveal herself. But each clear day, when one could see her, was an event.

So Near and Yet So Far

THIS physical neighbourliness with France, even the similarity of the two coastlines, adds something, I think, to the character of seaside Kent. On the June afternoon, this summer, as I sat on a seat on Hythe Hill, staring into the heat-haze over the sea, it came over me that France was many miles nearer than the familiar London where I belonged. And yet—for all one knew of the neighbour-country, since 1940, it almost might have been Mars. To the romantic mystery France had had for my childhood had succeeded the tragic mystery of war—the iron silence that locks an enemy-occupied land. In these Kentish towns—themselves, in one way, cut off from us since the fall of France—I had found the happy, familiar pattern of existence still

going on, only changed in a few, superficial ways. But what of the life across those few miles of water? How vitally had it altered? The ordinary French civilian, the man and woman—how were he and she living? How did they feel?

Hitler Divided France, by G. and W. Fortune (Macmillan; 6s.) answers, in a practical way, a good many of the questions I asked myself. The authors of the book are two British subjects who returned to this country in the autumn of 1942 after having lived in France for nearly three years. They are not writing their own reminiscences—in fact, they write with an impersonality that could be colourless were not their matter so interesting and the manner in which they handle it so direct. Their acquaintanceship among all classes of people in France appears to have been exceptionally wide: they have been able to quote all sorts of instances of behaviour—without, for obvious reasons, naming people or places, or giving details that could compromise anyone. They appear, also, to have moved about France with a freedom that is, in view of the regulations, surprising. Their personal story, when it can be given us, should add, one may expect, to the documents of this war.

Meanwhile, they limit themselves to observed facts—no domestic detail, I am glad to say, has been found so minor as to be beneath their notice—and to a detached and careful analysis



Mlle. Eve Curie, the French authoress, lecturer and war correspondent, who has been in America since 1940, has joined the Corps des Volontaires Françaises, the women's auxiliary force, created by General de Gaulle, and will shortly come to England to start her training. She is seen here in front of the microphone during one of her broadcasts from America.

of the changing internal French political scene. "The object of this book," they say in their Postscript, "has been to depict life in France between the Armistice of 1940 and the total occupation of that country in November 1942, and, above all, to represent the views of various sections of the community prevailing in France during that period. . . ." At the first glance, some English readers may resent an apparent defence of the Vichy Government. The authors' aim, it is true, is fairness, and, while they seek no defence for "collaborationalism," they are concerned to show that French loyalty to France, though it took, in some cases, forms we find antipathetic, has a claim to be regarded as loyalty. Among the genuine traitors and sellers-out, there were, they say, apparent ones—men who at least did not act in their own interest, whose judgments were queered by the chaos of 1940, and who, if they did act mistakenly, acted in good faith. The authors no further commit themselves than to suggest that the Vichy "attentiste" policy may yet, in the long run, prove not unjustified. They would ask us to withhold judgment till facts are more fully known. One lives as one can.

Hitler Divided France is, as its title suggests, concerned to show the psychological, as well as domestic and political, effects on the country of Hitler's dividing-line. About the whole principle of the division there was, the authors suggest, a devilish cleverness. The two zones—the Occupied and the Unoccupied—were by it made, virtually, foreign to one another: at the time when stricken France most needed the strength of unity, inter-zone jealousies, hostilities and misunderstandings could not fail to spring up. The authors therefore regard the total occupation by the Germans (in November 1942) as for France an almost unqualified benefit—for with it vanished that crippling dividing-line.

(Concluded on page 248)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE other day there descended on our hotel an elegant woman in her middle sixties. In her day she must have been an Edwardian "near-lovely." Now she is definitely a Georgian "off-plain." I was in the middle of my own lunch when she made her entrance. Like the late Marie Tempest in any production, her first appearance held up the action for at least a minute. The lunchers were decidedly impressed. The old waiter's bow-legs almost straightened themselves. In his hurry to reach the stranger, he forgot that the lady sitting near the door never took soup. He placed a plate of thick pea in front of her and left it. By which forgetfulness her amour-propre was insulted and her "strict diet" rose in its wrath. She pushed it angrily away from her and seemed to await lightning.

The Edwardian "near-lovely" advanced towards the only vacant table, little knowing that it was reserved for One Alone. She brooked no interference from the bow-legged waiter. She was accustomed to lunching at the Ritz, and this was only a provincial hotel. At this moment the One Alone entered, taking in the stranger's intrusion at a glance. She decided to forgo her divine rights, as here, she saw, was elegance; here was money; here was a new face. Graciously, she accorded the now Georgian "off-plain" the privilege of sharing Her Table. They both belonged to the same dead world. They would appreciate each other.

Talking, they made the thrilling discovery that both had been presented in

the same year. Doubtless the late Alice Hughes had made of their photographs

two pictures of such simpering loveliness that their friends found it difficult to recognise them. Doubtless these portraits had rattled on a hundred pianos every time a player grew in violence as he, or she, reached the heights of a crescendo! And roughly a thousand parlour-maids had cursed their silver frames. When they discovered that they had both danced with Mr. Winston Churchill as a younger man, the grand manner of a ghostly Blenheim house-party uplifted their souls. They became exceedingly grand, and the surrounding "fumps" were duly impressed. They were expected so to be.

Alas! however, the topic of the war drove them asunder! The former Edwardian "near-lovely" had known war's full horror. Had she not taken the last taxi out of Paris before the invasion? Behind her she had left all her beautiful possessions, including a mink coat which had been given her by a French Duc out of his wife's money. The other lady showed no pity. What were clothes compared with culture? A near-miss had shattered her own world without shattering her windows. The shock of it had killed her famous husband, a professor, and halved her income. Of the two, she demanded the greater solace. Alas, she scarcely got attention! The past was forgotten. The snobbery of suffering had driven them apart. As it sometimes does when two people have not really suffered very much!



Spriggs — Watson

Dr. Arthur I. Spriggs, younger son of Sir E. Spriggs, K.C.V.O., and the late Mrs. Spriggs, of Ruthin Castle, N. Wales, and Gereth Watson, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. F. W. Watson, of The Glebe House, Dinton, Bucks., were married at Dinton Church



Denny — Oxtoby Bassano

Lt. (E.) James Denny, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Denny, of Arrathorne, Tadworth, Surrey, and 3rd Officer Alice (Pat) Oxtoby, W.R.N.S., third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Oxtoby, of 20, Southlands Road, York, were married recently



Phillips — Eyre

Ian Lawrence Phillips, younger son of the late L. D. Phillips and Mrs. Phillips, of Garron Tower, Double Bay, Sydney, married Jane Eyre, only daughter of the late John Eyre, and Mrs. Eyre, of 20, Cleveland Square, W., at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Goldschmidt — Dalglish

Capt. Kenneth Goldschmidt, the Leicestershire Regt., and Alison Dalglish were married in Colombo in January. In this picture are: Lt. P. Bridcey, R.N.V.R., Miss Jane Urling-Clark, Lt.-Cdr. R. Hicks, D.S.O., R.N., the bride and bridegroom, Capt. D. Dalglish, Major H. N. Daniels, Mrs. Rye, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, C.-in-C. Colombo, and Miss Joan Forster



FitzGerald — Fairfax-Cholmeley

Robert FitzGerald, Canadian Army, son of Mr. G. FitzGerald, of Vancouver Island, and the late Mrs. FitzGerald, married Ursula Mary Fairfax-Cholmeley, of Diddene Cottage, Shamley Green, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fairfax-Cholmeley, at St. Dominic's Priory, London



Maunsell — Cordasco

Lt. Robert S. D. Maunsell, Royal Corps of Signals, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. W. Maunsell, of Lansdown Grove Lodge, Bath, married Marie Cordasco, only daughter of Mrs. E. W. Cordasco, of 17, Welbeck Court, W., at St. James's, Spanish Place



Glover — Lochore

Surg.-Lt. Eric Charles Glover, R.N.V.R., son of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Glover, of Highlands, Berkhamsted, married Jean Mary Lochore, only daughter of Sir James and Lady Lochore, of Cheersley Hill, Aylesbury, at St. Peter's, Vere Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 233)

were taking shots for *Sahara*, and included Richard Latham while he was playing with children and soldiers, climbing over tanks, and so forth. Richard is at school at the Black Foxe Military Institute and is doing well; he is becoming a good boxer by all accounts! Lady Patricia is doing radio-location work, and with the help of one black servant looks after her little house herself. She is lucky enough to have a garden which produces not only lemons in profusion, but also avocado pears.

Ballet Season Opens

A NEW eight-weeks' season of Sadler's Wells ballet opens at the New Theatre to-morrow with the presentation of *Les Sylphides*, *Hamlet* and *The Prospect Before Us*. High light of the season will be September 7th, when *Le Lac des Cygnes* is to be presented in its entirety. The first production of *Le Lac des Cygnes* in its entirety, with choreography by Pepita and Ivanov, was given in January 1895, at the Maryinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, as a benefit for the Italian ballerina, Pierina Legnani, who danced the part of Odette on that occasion. The new production next month will also be given as a benefit—this time for Nikolai Sergueeff in appreciation of his ten years' work with the Ballet Company and Ballet School. Mr. Sergueeff was Regisseur of the Maryinsky Theatre up to the beginning of the last war, and has with him to this day his notation of the great classical ballets as given there, from which he has produced five of those ballets, including *Le Lac des Cygnes*, for the Wells. Margot Fonteyn is to dance the double role of Odette-Odile, with Robert Helpmann as Siegfried. It will be remembered that Helpmann danced the same role in 1934, when the first full-length production outside Russia was presented by the Wells with Alicia Markova as Odette-Odile. Sets and dresses for the new production have been designed by Leslie Hurry, who made his stage debut in May 1942, with the decor for *Hamlet*. Apart from his own romanticism, the main influences on Hurry's work in this case will probably be found to have been the medievalism of the Swan Queen legend, the Tchaikowsky music and the inexorable demands of tradition in a nineteenth-century classical ballet.

Have You Any Flowers to Spare?

FLOWERS are few and far between in the East End of London. Even green trees and grass are scarce. But north, south, east and west, children are the same; they love flowers. The loveliness which more fortunate people take for granted is something rare and exquisite in the eyes of these East End children, who so seldom see beauty. This is what Mrs. M. Harrison, the acting Curator of the Geffrye Museum in the Kingsland Road, says: "Shoreditch is one of the most dreary districts in London, and large numbers of local children use the Museum as their main leisure-time activity. We find that if flowers are displayed, the response is very enthusiastic—there can be few places in which they are more appreciated." If you have any flowers to spare in your garden, will you please send them to the children of the East End? They should be addressed to Mrs. M. Harrison, The Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2, who says she will be only too pleased to refund postage.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

The pith of the book, however, is not theory but straightforward fact. The chapters on "Propaganda," "Collaboration and Resistance," "Rationing," "The Black Market" and "Transport" are particularly interesting. The resilience of the French spirit, among the ordinary people, the tough fibre of the French courage, are well shown. So, too, most of all in the chapter "Treatment of British Subjects," is an abiding, decent goodness of heart. . . . The French have always shown a great gift for living: they have been the first exponents of the "douceur de vivre." These days when, down to bedrock, they must live how they can, that gift seems not wholly lost to them. Style is a great support.

Academy

"TRUST IN THE SPRINGTIME," by Oriol Malet (Faber and Faber; 6s.), is an unusual novel, full of feeling and grace. The action covers one day—the first day of spring in an Academy of Dancing and Dramatic Art. The great, oversized, ugly, friendly house in Kensington, with its pillared porch, high rooms, fantastic conservatory, in its quiet, uphill position, teems with young life—girls and children. Also, there are the servants—typified by the good-natured Doris—the mistresses, the solitary Professor, the wise, crippled Principal, with her drawing-room of cushions. All these, each of these, from the old Viennese musician to the pupil Serena, feel, this first day of spring, a quickening of life in them, a disturbing movement of dreams. Sunshine and showers alternate; wind rushes through the building, rustling the curtains and slamming doors. Linda, the pupil upon the verge of leaving, is of all the characters the most tremulous—to-day, she has fallen part of the way in love; also, she is in almost unbearable suspense as the results of an audition—her dancing future seems to hang upon this.

Miss Malet has given to this Academy a sort of charmed existence, intense and self-contained—one seems to exist here as though inside a crystal, or in a ship. And *Trust in the Springtime* itself has, as a novel, a poetic, hermetic completeness of atmosphere. So far as this goes, the book is a work of art. But it is also, on one or two points, to be quarrelled with. First, though the characters jump to the eye delightfully, they are built on too many conventions: one or two—such as the old maid-companion and the ex-games mistress—seem to be drawn from stock. And, secondly, as *Spring* is really the novel's subject, the season should be treated with greater accuracy. We are told that the day is a day in (peacetime) April—and, at the same time, that daffodils are not "in" yet: they are still unobtainable at a large London florist's! The shop assistant wears *snowdrops* pinned to her dress, while *crocuses* are, we are told, in flower in the garden behind the Academy. Miss Malet, what kind of April is this? Surely a spring so late, an April so wholly phenomenal, should not be allowed without explanatory comment? It can be fatal to the reality of a novel that the reader should, for even a moment, cry, "But this is not true!" The most exquisite, the most aerial story needs, all the same, a base of unimpeachable facts. . . . I believe that the day described in *Trust in the Springtime* should have been placed in February, not April—it could well be one of those that, before the winter is over, come, all by themselves, to delight us—each a spring in itself.

I enjoyed and admired *Trust in the Springtime*, and that elusive quality that it has. I recommend it to the discerning reader—with only the qualifications that I have shown.

The Society of Friends

OTTO ZAREK, who has written *The Quakers* (Andrew Dakers; 10s. 6d.), came to England from Central Europe as a refugee from Nazi oppression, and is now serving in the Pioneer Corps. He is not a Quaker, but has long watched their work. His study of the history of Quakerism is, therefore, a tribute of admiration and gratitude, to which has gone, evidently, patient research.

Mr. Zarek, already a writer of standing in his own country, has had to familiarise himself with English and American history, from the seventeenth century on, in order to show the background against which, on both sides of the Atlantic, Quaker history developed. His studies of George Fox and of William Penn—of the latter particularly—both seem to me good. His approach to the spiritual aspect of his subject shows perception; he has traced the growth of the movement well. I could wish the actual history were not held up, here and there, by sometimes rather cloudy generalisations. But these seem to be indivisible from Mr. Zarek's style—and are, at any rate, not pretentious.

Smiles and Tears

GODFREY WINN'S *Scrapbook of the War* (Hutchinson; 6s.) is as varied and entertaining as a scrapbook should be. Need I say, too, that it has its poignant side—that there are things in it that bring a lump to the throat? In fact, in my case this is an understatement: Mr. Winn makes me cry outright. His sense of the importance of little things is almost painfully telling. But he evokes tender comedy just as well.

Here are excerpts from his journals, quotations from letters, character sketches, vignettes from the news. Alternating, there are pages of photographs. This record of the human mood of the war is for everyone. The *Scrapbook*, I do not doubt, will be very eagerly sought, and each copy is likely to travel far and wide.

D. R. Stuart

At the Bournemouth Red Cross Tennis Matches

Amongst those watching the lawn-tennis matches played in aid of the British Red Cross, at the West Hants. Club, Bournemouth, were: Mrs. Stanley Carter, the Mayor of Bournemouth, the Mayoress, the Countess of Malmesbury, C.B.E. (President of the B.R.C.S., Hants.), Major J. A. Coghlan (Assistant County Commissioner, S.J.A.B., Hants.), Miss Hyla Greves (Lady County Officer, S.J.A.B.), Miss Elizabeth Balfour (County Secretary, Bournemouth B.R.C.S.), and Mrs. L. M. Durrant (Divisional Secretary, B.R.C.S.)



Presented with pride



Simpson

SIMPSONS SUITS, COATS AND UNIFORMS from the best shops in most big towns or Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd., 202 Piccadilly, London, W.1

*Remember
it was the...*

ROOTES GROUP

that gave you

HUMBER SNIPE

SUNBEAM - TALBOT

HILLMAN MINX

Whatever kind of car you wanted, there was one to meet your needs. With Victory achieved, their principal objective will be the creation of still finer cars.

These toilet preparations have been carefully chosen, whereby women may practise wartime economies. There is talc powder, soap, complexion milk, cleansing cream and natural rose lipstick in miniature carton



YARDLEY

A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.

ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



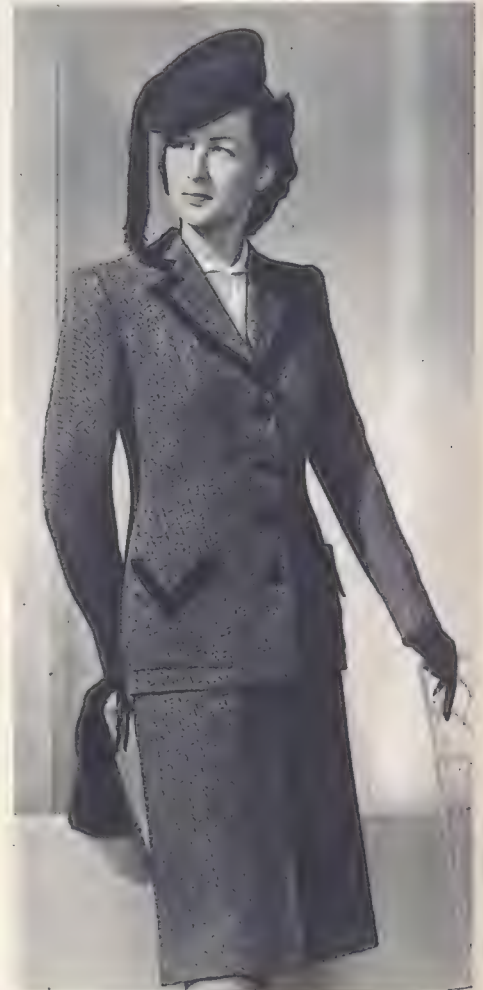
SELFRIDGE

Destined for the trousseau are the pyjamas and wrapper. The former are of a spotted fancy material and the latter of floral chiffon. It is available in a variety of pretty colourings



FENWICKS

Now more than ever women need a wrap coat. The one pictured is 100% cashmere, and is reinforced with useful pockets. It cleverly silhouettes the figure



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

This classic tailor-made is carried out in herring-bone suiting with black cloth cleverly used on pockets and revers. The scheme is completed with a becoming hat finished with a tassel



MELODY

There is a place for Melody in the medley of our wartime lives. And there is a place for Gala, too. For in Gala—a gay and vivid lipstick—there is a harmony of rich colour, creamy texture and permanence in wear.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

Gala

GALA LIPSTICK, 5/3 • REFILLS (FIT ALMOST ANY CASE), 2/11
GALA FACIAL CREAM, 5/3 • GALA POWDER, 5/3

For the SMALL WOMAN



This specialist department on the first floor is famous for its exclusive productions, designed and made by our own tailor, incorporating the perfection of cut, detail and finish so necessary for today's fashions.

Illustrated is a delightful ensemble, the neat shirt-dress tailored in check wool and plain jacket to tone, designed and made in our own workrooms.

Debenham & Freebody
LANGHAM 4444. WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.)

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE Prime Minister was walking among the smoking ruins after a heavy air raid when an old woman greeted him. He asked her how she felt after the night of horror.

"Well, there's one thing about these air raids," she replied, "they do take your mind off the war."

THIS anecdote is culled from *Collier's*.

Heading home after delivering a load of American soldiers somewhere in the Pacific, a U.S. army transport picked up a bevy of Japs, drifting around after their ship had been torpedoed. The little men giggled and chattered for a while, but then became gloomily silent. None of the Japs could speak English; no one on the transport could speak Japanese. "Why don't you teach them to sing?" an American officer suggested to a sergeant who worried about the heavy brooding.

The sergeant found he could think of the chorus of only one song. Trying it out, he gesticulated invitations to the Japs to join in. A few tried to sing and seemed to feel better. By evening all were learning the song.

Military authorities felt dizzy when the transport reached a West Coast port. The Jap prisoners shuffled down the gangplank, radiating delight as they carolled lustily: "Gaw Bress Ermerica!"

IN Berlin the Axis chiefs gathered to sign another infamous agreement. They wanted to make quite a propaganda stunt of it, so they arranged a big table in Hitler's headquarters, with the document, pens and ink. But just as Adolf, Benito and the Jap Ambassador lined up for the photographers, a big cockroach scrambled across the historic document.

Hitler was furious. "Hey," he yelled, "you get in line with the others!"



"This little piggy joined the fish queue.
This little piggy had some spam . . ."

A MAJOR and a captain encountered a Nazi patrol in the desert and killed all except one—an officer who could speak English well and said that he had been educated at Cambridge. They decided to bring their prisoner back to the base, and took turns guarding him. On the last day they relaxed their vigil. The German grabbed a gun, but was recaptured later. While the Britishers had their hands up, the major, a Cambridge man himself, whispered to the captain: "He's a bit of a cad. Couldn't be Cambridge."

THERE was an American soldier named Ginsburg. Ginsburg was bad. He was positively allergic to drill, and all thumbs with a gun. They sent him from one camp to another, but everywhere the same reports came back about what a rotten soldier Ginsburg was.

Then they sent him to Bataan, and the reports coming in were astounding. He captured six Japs single-handed, destroyed a machine gun nest containing ten more Japs, was cited for this and cited for that.

The change was so amazing that one of his former O.C.s wired for an explanation. The answer came back: "We gave him a machine gun and said: 'Now, Ginsburg, you're in business for yourself'."

ONCE there was an Indian named Big Smoke, employed as a missionary to his fellow Smokes. A white man asked Big Smoke what he did for a living.

"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me preach."

"That so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Me get ten dollars a year."

"Well," said the white man, "that's pretty poor pay."

"Umph!" said Big Smoke. "Me pretty poor preacher."

THE ATS private had gone for a walk in the country near her camp. It was a hot day, so when she came to a pool a little off the road and surrounded by trees, she decided to have a dip.

She folded her clothes on the bank and jumped in, swam around for a while, and then scrambled out.

As she did so she saw an Army officer approaching and hid behind one of the trees. He came nearer and nearer, and suddenly called out:

"Camouflage platoon, dismiss!"
Whereupon all the trees walked away!

Salvage Saves Ships. Rags. Bones. Paper and Rubber are Needed Urgently



★ **Vitabuoy**

Life-Saving
OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau**

Military and A.R.P.
TRENCH COATS

★ **M**UCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1.

Telephone: BISHopsgate 6565.



Whether the elegance and correctness of tableware must be above reproach, there, frequently enough, you will find that Minton China has been chosen. And justification for that discerning choice grows still more evident through the years.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTON LTD • STOKE-UPON-TRENT • ESTD 1793

Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to Imported Havanas. Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.



BURLINGTON

Cigars

Half Coronas 1/2 Petit Coronas 1/7

Coronas 2/-

Obtainable from all High Class Dealers and Stores

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.I



Men's clothes by
Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.



BOOTH'S

DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!



MAXIMUM PRICES: 25/3 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Gas and Gliders

WHEN, early in July, Squadron Leaders Seys and Gobeil were towed across the Atlantic in a glider there was an outburst of speculation about the future of towed gliders as transport vehicles. I made some comments on the subject at the time, but now there has come in a most admirable paper by Alexander Klemin and Walter C. Walling. It discusses the performance of towed gliders and explodes some optimistic expectations.

There were those who seemed to think that a towed glider might add so much wing surface to a normal powered aircraft, and therefore so much extra lift, as to be able to help it off the ground. In fact the aircraft tug was expected to do the feat of lifting itself by its own braces. The facts seem to be that the glider does put up the pay load of the tug so much that it makes what Messrs. Klemin and Walling call the "advantage factor" seem big. But the climb and ceiling are impaired. And the glider train pays heavily in these respects. In fact when the tug is towing three gliders, in a train, the rate of climb at sea level and the ceiling become inordinately low.

Elasticity

IN short this careful paper, which contains the fullest theoretical workings out of the various glider train problems, confirms the view—expressed earlier in these pages—that the best way of carrying a given load at a given speed is by means of a power aeroplane designed for exactly that task. In aviation the pleasure of getting something for nothing is denied us, even with glider trains. But that does not mean that glider trains, or single towed gliders, are of no value. They have distinct operational uses. There is the obvious use of the towed glider as a means of dropping the mails or a few passengers at places where aerodrome space is insufficient for the main air liner to get down conveniently or even at all. There is the other use of enabling the air line operator to put on extra seating capacity to meet special conditions.

It would be a blessing if that much praised organisation, London Transport, were to have in reserve a few passenger carrying trailers which they could hook on to their omnibuses when sudden conditions of heavy traffic loads made extra seating desirable. No doubt the rendering of the omnibuses in fuel and wear and tear per passenger per mile would deteriorate; but the public would then be better served. Air line operators in peace time will, I feel sure, be anxious to give their passengers the best possible service. They will try to avoid making passengers wait. They will try, in other words, to provide an elastic service which can expand and contract in accordance with the traffic demands made upon it. And to do that they may find towed gliders extremely helpful. But that is about as far as one can go in their favour at the present moment.

Brassey Polish

NOT long ago I referred to the new edition of that excellent work *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*. Since then another edition of another standard reference work has come out, *Brassey's Naval Annual*, and the reason I refer to it here is that it contains this year for the first time, a full tabulation of the shipborne aircraft in use in the world's navies with some facts about their performance and military characteristics.

Shipborne aircraft have not in the past had the attention they deserve. They have not attracted that urgent competition between designers that leads to great results. They have been regarded as poor things which are not really worth much trouble. Now all that is altered. There is a wider understanding of the function a ship may perform in increasing the battleworthiness of an aeroplane by providing it with a movable aerodrome, and there is, in consequence, a readiness to push specialised design development. But there remain today a few people who do not or will not see the battleworthiness point. Yet it depends upon the simple fact that a military aeroplane (whether fighter, bomber or torpedo carrier) is always more effective in the performance of its military function when it is working close to its base.

Spitfires, by the application of extra tanks, can be flown for great distances now. But they are, and will always be, at the top of their fighting form when they are near home. A Lancaster working at a radius of 100 miles is a more powerful bomber than a Lancaster working at 1,000 miles. The aircraft carrier brings the base to the aeroplane, as it were. It enables the working radius of the aircraft to be reduced. It thereby increases the battleworthiness of the aircraft.

Blackout or No

I HAVE been reluctant to express in public any views on the advisability of reducing the blackout. I am wholly in sympathy with those who demand that the blackout should be lifted, and I am convinced that such lifting would improve the working efficiency of the whole country by a large amount. Yet there is, at the time I am writing, the official view, which must be based upon the observations of Royal Air Force personnel, that the blackout could not be lifted without great danger. I am torn between these conflicting considerations. At some future date I hope to argue the whole matter out with those who have followed the matter, and then I shall hope to be able firmly to come down on one side or the other. Meanwhile, I find it necessary to sit upon the fence. Like so many things in war, it is a question of balance. Would the improved working efficiency of the whole country, the improved cheerfulness, the lowered accident rate, make up for the added risk? It is a question I hope I shall be able to answer soon with confidence; but at the moment I am uncertain.



Ferry Pilots

These five members of the A.T.A. were photographed after delivering their daily quota of Hurricanes. They are all Second Officers. Gething (Australia), Wood (Great Britain), Sandoz (U.S.A.), Armstrong (Canada) and Allen (Great Britain).

D. R. Shaw



SERVICE KIT
for
UNITED FORCES
*Best Work on
Best Materials*

BURBERRYS LTD.
HAYMARKET
LONDON S.W.1

AGENTS IN ALL
PRINCIPAL TOWNS

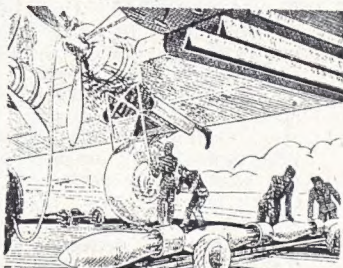
THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOFS

The Tactics of Rat Control

The domination of a battle area demands of the Tactical Air Force the application of scientific principles for the destruction of enemy troop concentrations and lines of communication. Similarly, the successful assault on premises infested by rats and mice also depends on a high degree of scientific effort.

The scientists and surveyors of the Ratin Company, by patient study of the habits of rats and mice, devised their tactics to lull the rodents' suspicion: and then attack and destroy them wherever they may concentrate. But in just the same way that a modern air-striking force would be a weapon of little value in unskilled hands, so must the Ratin formula be wielded only by experienced operators.

And the Ratin Company is not content to rely for success solely on an initial treatment of infested premises. It has proved, over and



over again, that success can only be achieved by continuity of inspection and service at regulated intervals of time, to ensure that once pest-control has been established, the premises remain free from further assault.

It is upon the thoroughness and integrity of its surveyors and operators, as much as on the Company's scientists, that the success of the Ratin method depends, and the ever-increasing number of public and prominent private undertakings employing the Ratin Service is an irrefutable testimony to the work of national importance which they are performing.

THE
BRITISH RATIN
CO LTD

125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone: ABBEY 7621



Since 1790...

The closing years of the eighteenth century—when the House of Schweppes was founded—witnessed the great campaign of Wilberforce and Pitt, to abolish slavery. Suffering many defeats, it was not until after Pitt's death that Wilberforce found a somewhat unexpected ally in Charles James Fox, who is here depicted making an eloquent appeal to the House of Commons that the Bill abolishing slavery be passed, as it was eventually in 1807.

Then, the British people shewed a lively regard for justice, even as now they are making sacrifices to free an enslaved Europe. To this end Schweppes join with others in losing their identity until the United Nations have restored peace and freedom to the world.



By Appointment

Schweppes
Table Waters

From our Small Size Specialty Salon

... famous for smart
Fashions specially
designed for the
Small Woman.

Third Floor.

Delightful Jumper Suit
in Crepe, with fluted
basque and slightly flared
skirt. In dark colours of
navy, brown or black,
with contrasting light
revers, and a few all-self
pastel shades. Small
Size Specialties.

£11. 17. 8

(9 coupons)

Personal Shoppers only.

Swan & Edgar

LTD.

Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

Regent 1616

The Connoisseurs Commend

VAMOUR

THE True VERMOUTH

The Connoisseur appreciates instantly the Bouquet of the Genuine choice wines blended into this true Vermouth. Here is a choice and healthful aperitif or with added ingredients a delightful cocktail.

Treasures need seeking—but ask your Wine Merchant about Vamour—he may be able to supply you from his limited stock.



Produced by

VERMOUTIERS (London) LIMITED

Sackville House, Piccadilly, W.1

Jacqmar

Newest Printed Slogan Scarves

"Combined Operations"
"Le Courier"
"Don't"
"B.B.C."

55/10d. each. (2 coupons)

Write for Patterns to:-

Jacqmar

16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1.



Those interested in their facial appearance should read Mr. Willi's books, "Facial Perfection," 2/6; "Looking Young," 2/6; "My Method," 1/-; "Living Canvas," 3/6; direct from

HYSTOGEN, 26 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3

PERFECT FEATURES

can be obtained by the Hystogen method which was introduced to London in 1909 by the Swiss Specialist, Mr. C. H. Willi, and which has now developed into a great human art. During the last 35 years more than 10,000 men and women have permanently benefited by his method which has reached such a pitch of perfection that no one needs to retire from active life on account of an ageing appearance or be handicapped by an unsightly nose, outstanding ears, scars, skin flaws, etc. Consultations are by appointment only.

Maternity Wear



2-piece Suits, 16 coupons
In Wool Jersey, Angora
and Lingerie with
Skirts on Cami-tops 8½ gns.

★
Smocks from 30/11
(6 coupons)
Jumper Tops from 52/6
(4 coupons)
Cocktail Smocks from 73/6
(4 coupons)

Can be sent on approval
References or deposit
Catalogue M/14 on request

LILLA 7, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE,
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, SW.1. PHONE
WC 7752



Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
restricted in distribution by scarcity
of old stocks

**WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS**

Valstar

"777"
Raincoat

**SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY
AND DESIGN**

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777"
RAINCOAT - SUPPLIES NOW,
HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

J. MANDLEBERG & CO LTD
VALSTAR WORKS
SALFORD 6 - Lancs

CREME SIMON

Garland

Crème Simon
M.A.T. — the
different founda-
tion cream for
all-day loveliness.

Poudre Simon
— the world can
show no lighter,
finer, purer face
powder

La Nouvelle
Poudre Simon.
For those who
prefer powder
of a slightly
heavier type.

The above exquisite beauty prepara-
tions are still at your service and
their quality is absolutely unchanged.
We regret, however, that owing to
the War the manufacture of Crème
Simon itself has been suspended.

From Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores



B154S
M241

Enquiries:
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
W.1



Agents in West End:

NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

TEL.: REGENT 1951

Peter
Robinson

EARLY
AUTUMN
SUITS



"Stolas" Suit of Scotch Tweed. In
a variety of Checks and colourings.
Sizes, Hips, 39-42.

Price **£13.4.0**

18 coupons.

PETER ROBINSON LTD
Oxford Circus, London, W.1

MUSEUM 7700

HAPPY EVENT!

A MOTHER-
TO-BE and she
looks her pretti-
est! All DU
BARRY MOD-
ELS are design-
ed on a principle
which makes them
comfortable and con-
cealing. Come and
try on some of the
very smart styles, or
send for beautiful folio
of designs. Dress and
coatee, as sketch, is
striking but discreet
in a bordered print
crepe. Definitely the
ensemble for all occa-
sions. In three shades.
Dress from 5½ gns
Coatee from
59/6.

**COUPON
ECONOMY**
Du Barry's
Coupon - Free
Department will
remodel your
dress after the
event

Du Barry
MATERNITY WEAR

MAYfair 0118

DU BARRY

68 DUKE ST., OXFORD ST., W.1
(opposite Selfridges)

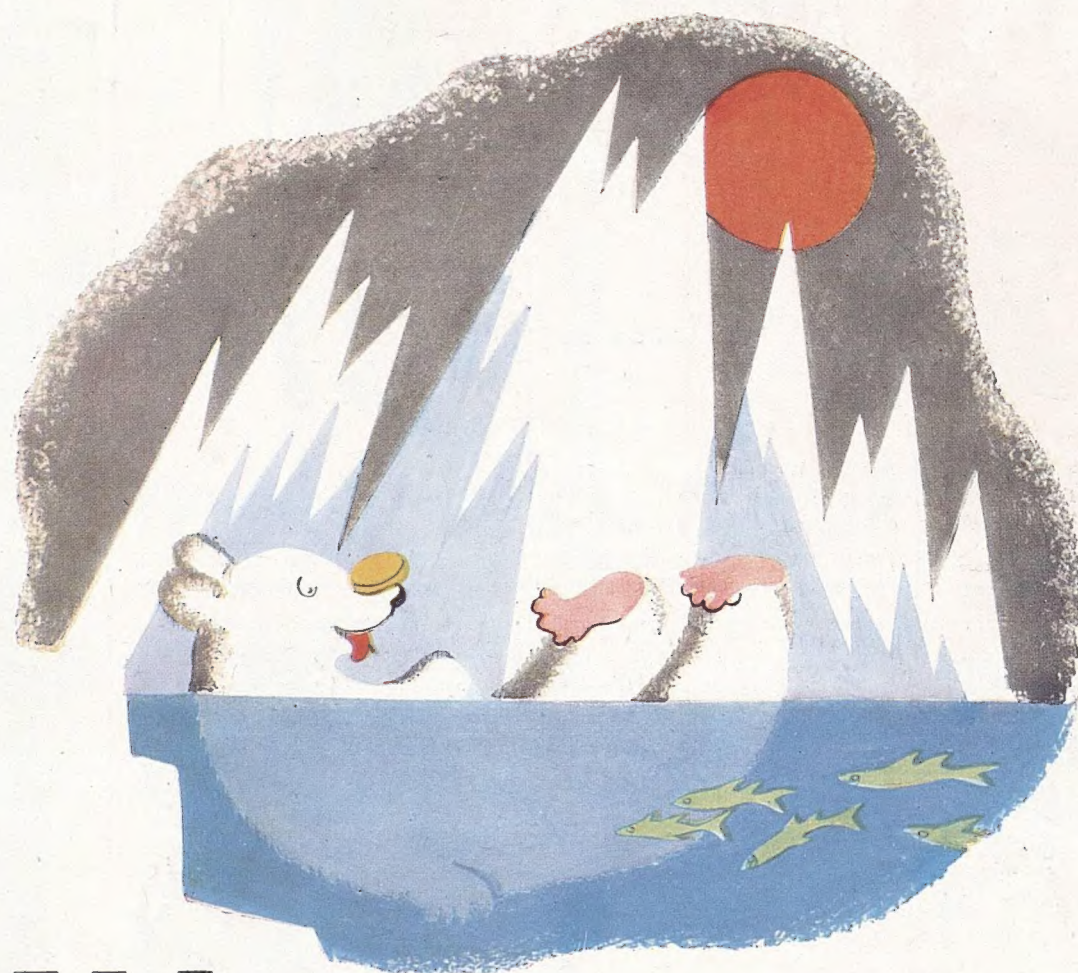
*Famous for Fine
Quality*

"Nell Gwynn"
Marmalade

LIMITED SUPPLIES
FROM
FAMILY GROCERS

Wright's is kind to bare skin

(see how clean it keeps)



Wright's *Coal Tar Soap*

For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools.



Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad.